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In this Number—THE "BOXER" REVOLT IN CHINA

COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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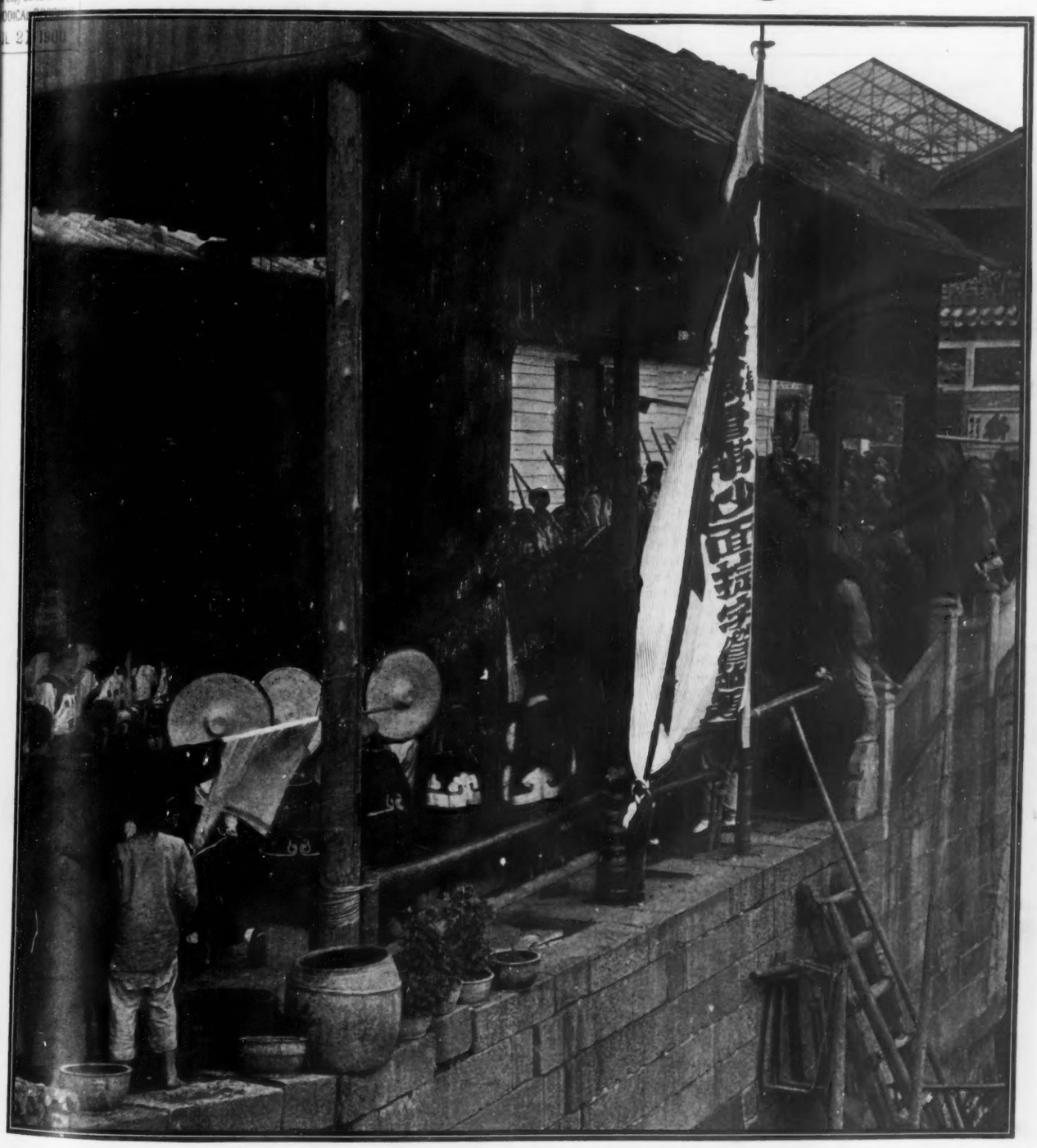

CHINESE TROOPS FOR THE FRONT

A MANDARIN AND SOLDIERS OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY PASSING ALONG CANAL ROAD, IN THE CITY OF PEKIN, DURING THE MOBILIZATION OF THE CHINESE ARMY

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NEW YORK, JULY TWENTY-FIRST, 1900

THE DEMOCRATIC national convention at Kansas City was a surprise. It was a much more sober-minded body than its predecessor of 1896, and would have put forth a more conservative programme, if Mr. Bryan had permitted such a reaction. A specific declaration in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was inserted in the platform by a vote of 26 to 24 in the Committee on Resolutions. It will be remembered that, in this committee, each State and Territory has one vote, with the result that such important and doubtful States as New York, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Maryland were counterbalanced by Arizona, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Hawaii, which do not possess one electoral vote between them. It is computed that the twenty-six States and Territories which carried the 16 to 1 plank through the Committee on Resolutions represented but one-fifth of the delegates in the convention. It follows that, if, by means of a minority report, an appeal had been made from the committee to the convention, the silver plank would have been rejected. As a matter of fact, no minority report was forthcoming, Mr. Bryan having caused it to be known that he would refuse the nomination for President unless the convention should pledge the Democratic party in specific and unequivocal terms to the unlimited coinage of silver at the old ratio. There are conclusive proofs that in this matter the convention was coerced by Mr. Bryan against the judgment of a vast majority of its members. The first proof is the assertion, frequently and emphatically repeated, that opposition to imperialism—that is to say, to the theory that the United States can be part republic and part empire—would be, and ought to be, the pivot of the campaign. The second proof is the nomination for Vice President of Adlai E. Stevenson, who filled that office, it will be remembered, in Mr. Cleveland's second term. The logical candidate for Vice-President was Mr. Towne, who is a Silver Republican and had been already nominated by the Populist national convention. By repudiating Mr. Towne, the Democracy disclosed its distaste for an alliance with the Populists and Silver Republicans, and made it clear that, unless Mr. Bryan is successful this year, the Democratic party will be reorganized on the old lines in 1904. What chance of success has Mr. Bryan? No one who reads the Democratic platform, which, in all respects but one, is a carefully thought-out and well-written document, can fail to perceive that Mr. Bryan threw away his chance of victory when he insisted on the defiant insertion of the discredited silver plank. Evidently, Mr. Bryan would rather be consistent than be President. Such a trait commands admiration; nevertheless, those who think that the welfare of the country would have been promoted by the triumph of the Democracy at this conjuncture will wish that Mr. Bryan had been less intractable. But for the silver plank, the campaign might have been made to turn, as the majority of delegates to the convention hoped it would turn, on the question whether the Constitution follows the flag, or whether an American President is in our colonies an autocrat, invested with all the power that a partisan majority in Congress may see fit to confer on him. Upon that question, had it stood alone, it is possible that Democrats might have appealed successfully to the good sense and conscience of the Republic. As it is, the contest will be waged on the old issue of the free coinage of silver at a ridiculous ratio, and the hope of carrying any State north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi might as well be renounced. Mr. McKinley's reelection is practically reassured, and it now looks as if David B. Hill will be the nominee of a reorganized Democracy in 1904. Mr. Bryan will not pass into obscurity. No such fate can overtake a man who, at the age of forty, has been twice the candidate of a great political party for the Presidency of the United States. His own State, Nebraska, will doubtless send him to the Federal Senate. But never again can he hope to be a candidate for the Presidency. The national Democracy will say to him, as Othello said to his lieutenant: "Cassio, I love thee, but nevermore be officer of mine."

IT REMAINS to be seen whether the nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson will strengthen the Democratic ticket. It certainly is not calculated to gain votes from Populists or Silver Republicans, for both of those factions preferred Towne. It is not to be supposed, however, that either of them will follow the example of the Middle-of-the-Roaders, and put a separate ticket in the field. The platform framed at Kansas City gives the Populists and Silver Republicans everything which they could demand. But, although they will accept Stevenson, they are not enthusiastic about him. Will the lukewarmness encountered in this quarter be more than counterbalanced by Mr. Stevenson's supposed acceptability to the so-called Gold Democrats? Unquestionably, he was nominated in the belief that he would prove acceptable in that quarter. We are unable to see any ground for the expectation, beyond the fact that he was chosen Vice-President in 1892 on the Cleveland ticket. In 1896, he took a position diametrically opposed to that occupied by Mr. Cleveland and the majority of the latter's Cabinet; that is to say, he bowed to the fiat of the Chicago Convention, and supported Mr. Bryan earnestly. His course four years ago explains the willingness of the Kansas City Convention to nominate him for Vice-President, but we cannot perceive why it should commend him to Gold Democrats who bolted the Bryan ticket in 1896. He is believed, however, to be personally popular in Illinois, and he is credited with the majority which that State unexpectedly gave to Cleveland in 1892. Some of the more optimistic delegates at Kansas City asserted that, with Stevenson's help, Bryan could carry Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, in which event he would not need New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. To us it seems improbable that, with the conspicuous place given to the silver plank in their platform, the Democrats can carry any State north of the Ohio and east of the Missi-ssippi, although the extent to which the German vote may be affected by the Imperialism issue is as yet undetermined.

ALTHOUGH, at the hour when we write, the state of things in Pekin is known only by rumor, there is a widespread belief in Shanghai and other treaty ports, which have or should have some means of communication with the capital through native channels, that the Emperor Kwang-Su has been made to commit suicide, that the Empress Dowager has been deprived of the power hitherto exercised by her, and that supreme authority has been usurped by Prince Tuan, the father of the child lately proclaimed heir-apparent. How do these incidents affect the technical relation of the treaty powers to China? It may be argued that, so long as the Empress Dowager is alive, she must be regarded as the *de jure* sovereign, and, if responsibility for the outrages perpetrated upon Europeans cannot be brought home to her, a state of war does not exist between China and the treaty powers. The situation is analogous to that which would have existed, had Mr. Washburne, the American Minister to France, and other foreign envoys been murdered in Paris by the Communists in April, 1871. We could not have made such an assassination a *casus belli* against the regularly organized government of the French Republic which had its seat at Versailles. In the interest of order, however, the German troops might have assisted the Versailles Government to put down the Paris Commune, and it seems probable that a mandate for the repression of anarchy will now be given by the treaty powers to Japan. There is no doubt that Japan could, in a very short time, place an army of thirty, or even fifty, thousand men at Pei-Tai-Ho, whence Pekin could be reached by a route traversing the foothills on the south side of the Great Wall. On this route an expedition would encounter none of the obstacles which would prove almost insuperable to a column advancing from Tien-tsin to Pekin. The laborer, however, is worthy of his hire, and, if the Japanese perform the function intrusted to them by the treaty powers, they will deserve adequate compensation. The Tokio Government would, doubtless, be satisfied with Korea, unless a further dismemberment of China should take place, in which event it would demand one of the coastwise provinces, adjoining on the south the British sphere of influence. At present, it seems probable that the powers will agree to maintain the territorial integrity of China, so far as the country lying south of the Great Wall is concerned. If the whole of Manchuria were given to Russia, that power could not reasonably object to Japan's acquisition of Korea, much as she would dislike the proximity of such a rival.

ASSUMING that the Japanese would be able to occupy Pekin, what steps may we expect to see taken for the establishment of a strong government in China? Will some child belonging to the Manchu dynasty be proclaimed the nominal sovereign and placed under the guardianship of progressive statesmen? That would be, perhaps, the easiest solution of the problem, for it would tend to conciliate the Manchus, who form a sort of military caste in Northern China. An alternative course would be to restore the Ming dynasty, several representatives of which exist. The restoration of the Ming dynasty would be greeted with enthusiasm by the native Chinese, but it would be extremely offensive to the Manchus, whose opposition, however, might not constitute a serious danger, if the capital were moved to Nanking, or to some other city in the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang. If the powers are to exercise hereafter a virtual protectorate, in the sense that they will always stand ready to prevent a repetition of the present rebellion, it is obvious that the Emperor must reside in a place less inaccessible than Pekin. Those who desire to see China enter upon the path of regeneration, in which Japan has made such a notable advance, insist that obstructions would be minimized under a Ming sovereign, and that the perpetuation of the Manchu dynasty would be a blunder. The quickest and surest way of transforming China would have been to encourage the Japanese at the time of the late war to push on to Pekin and proclaim the Mikado master of the Middle Kingdom. It was foreseen, however, by Russia, Germany and France that China in Japanese hands would become the strongest power on earth, and they, consequently, compelled the Japanese to pause in their career of victory, and to surrender the territory on the Asiatic mainland which the treaty of Shimonoseki gave them. Even the British Government was, at that time, uncertain whether it might not be perilous to permit the consolidation of the yellow race under a Japanese sovereign. Misgivings on this score still find utterance in London, notably in the columns of the "Spectator," but the necessity of rescuing or avenging the European victims of Chinese savagery compels even those who are haunted with the "Yellow Terror" to recognize that Japan's assistance is almost indispensable in the existing situation. Never again, however, will Japan consent to pull chestnuts out of the fire for others' delectation, and if, at this juncture, she undertakes to extinguish anarchy in Northern China, the extent and nature of her recompense will have been clearly defined beforehand.

OWING TO THE concentration of attention upon the tragedy which, there is reason to fear, has been enacted in Pekin, the march of events in South Africa has been almost entirely overlooked. So far as the Orange Free State and that part of the South African Republic which lies south of Pretoria are concerned, the subjugation of the Boers seems nearly complete, but a guerilla warfare may be prolonged for months in the northeastern section of the Transvaal, unless Lord Roberts shall offer terms somewhat milder than the unconditional surrender upon which he has hitherto insisted. That in any event a considerable force will have to be kept in South Africa for the maintenance of order seems to be taken for granted, but the size of the garrison will depend upon the pains taken to conciliate Afrikander sentiment in the Cape Colony. It is understood that Mr. Chamberlain and his representative at Cape Town, Sir Alfred Milner, favor the infliction of severe punishment upon those British subjects in the Cape Colony who gave aid and comfort to their Boer kinsmen. The Afrikanders, on the other hand, who return, it will be remembered, a majority to the popular branch of the colonial legislature, advocate extremely lenient measures, such as were taken in Canada by Lord Durham after the insurrection of a part of the French-speaking population. The Afrikanders also think that the Orange Free State and the South African Republic ought not to be reduced to the level of Crown Colonies in which there is but the semblance of self-government, but that they ought to retain local autonomy, due precautions being taken to assure England's suzerainty and a reform of the franchise and to avert a future renewal of war by forbidding the accumulation of artillery and military stores. By such judicious generosity it is predicted that the Boers, like the French-Canadians, would be gradually converted into loyal and contented subjects of the British Crown. This is not, as we have said, Mr. Chamberlain's conception of the policy that ought to be pursued by England in South Africa, but he may be overruled by his colleagues in the Salisbury Cabinet, owing to their desire to see tranquillity restored as quickly as possible in that quarter of the globe, so that England may have a free hand in China. At present the British troops sent to the Far East are drawn from India, whence, it will be remembered, a contingent was sent to Natal. It would be imprudent thus to deplete the Anglo-Indian army but for the fact that Russia is too much occupied just now in Manchuria and Northern China to think of attacking Hindostan.

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PEKIN, THE IMPERIAL CITY

By CHARLES DENBY, Former Minister to China

THE CITY OF PEKIN is situate upon a sandy plain in latitude 39° 54′ 36″ N. and longitude 116° 27′ E. This is nearly on the parallel of Samarcand, Naples and Philadelphia. The population of Pekin is something less than a million.

The usual route to Pekin from Tien-tsin was, until 1898, up the Peiho River about one hundred and twenty miles to Tungcho. Tungcho is about twelve miles southwest of Pekin. Here the fine college of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was recently destroyed by the Boxers. It is a pity. The president of the college, Dr. Sheffield, was nearly murdered some years ago by assassins. He has devoted his life to building up the college. He is a fine Chinese scholar. He invented a Chinese typewriter.

Until the railroad from Tien-tsin to Pekin was built the traveller was pulled up the Peiho by men. Progress was often slow. When the river was so high on one occasion that there was no towpath left, it took me six days to go to Tungcho from Tien-tsin. On another occasion my house-boat was being towed by a steam launch. The launch turned suddenly to the left, and the boat struck a small promontory and turned over. My wife and I were submerged, but escaped with our lives, losing much of our property. Now the time between Tien-tsin and Pekin is four hours.

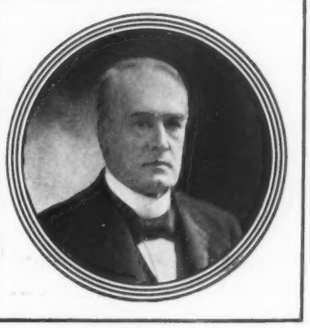
THE GREAT WALL OF PEKIN

On approaching Pekin the traveller sees the great wall surrounding the city. The south wall of the Tartar city is the north wall of the Chinese city. The entire circuit around both cities is 24.25 miles; 14 25 for the Manchu city and 10 for the Chinese. The wall around the Manchu city is 50 feet high and 40 feet wide at the top, and 60 at the bottom. It is of earth faced with brick, each of which weighs sixty pounds. The wall around the outer, or Chinese city, is 30 feet high, 25 feet thick at the bottom, and 15 at the top.

There is a crenellated parapet, and sixteen gates. Near the gates the wall is faced with stone. Towers surmount the gates, and buttresses occur every sixty yards. The arches of the gates are of solid granite, and the massive doors are locked at a little after sundown.

The Tartar city is occupied by the court, the princes, the legations, and stores and business houses, but the important business of the city is done in the Chinese city. Here are the theatres, the clubs, and the great wholesale houses. The Tartar city was laid out in a grand style, with broad streets and avenues. Long ago it was sewered, but the sewers have been gradually filled up and are only used as cess-pools. The only work that is ever done on the streets is just before the Emperor goes to one of the temples. Then light yellow dirt is scattered on them.

In general, the diplomatic representatives have their residences on Legation Street, which the Chinese call the street "of the subject nations." On this street the Dutch Legation is the first you pass after entering the Chen-Men, or Meridian Gate. A hundred yards further is the American Legation, and opposite is the Russian; then come in their order, on either side of the street, the Spanish, Japanese, German,



CHARLES DENBY

French and Italian Legations. Along the moat on a side street close to Legation Street there is the British Legation, and some distance away are the Belgian and Austrian. The Imperial Maritime Customs under Sir Robert Hart has its chief office here.

"THE FORBIDDEN CITY"

Inside the Tartar city is the Imperial city, surrounded, also, by a wall. In this inclosure is located the great Catholic Mission or the Peh Yang.

Inside of the Imperial city is the walled and moated "Forbidden City." Here are the Imperial dwellings and halls and offices—fifty or more. This inner inclosure measures about two and a quarter miles in circuit, and is called Taz Kin Ching, or "Carnation Prohibited City."

Here lives the Emperor, who is well called the "Solitary man." All the other men in the Prohibited City are eunuchs, of whom there are probably two thousand. They do all the menial work. The chief eunuch is a man of great importance—who has sometimes played an influential part in political affairs.

In 1894 the foreign representatives were admitted for the first time into the precincts of the Prohibited City. There had been a long contest to secure this right, and on the occasion of the presentation of complimentary letters written by the Chiefs of State in honor of the attainment of sixty years of age by the Empress Regent it was first put in force. Since that time the foreign Ministers have always been received by the Emperor in a hall in the Prohibited City.

CHINESE SYSTEM OF TAXATION

Space does not permit me to set out a full description of Pekin—and, besides, it has often been described. The system of taxation in Pekin is peculiar, and some account of it may prove to be interesting.

Pekin is situate in the préfecture of Sheen-Tien Fu; that is, the region inclosing the Imperial capital. It is divided into two hsien or districts; viz., Wan Ping Hsien and Ta Hsing Tien, comprising roughly the eastern and western portions of the city respectively. These two districts within the city, together with twenty-two districts and departments outside of Pekin—including Tungcho, Ch'anpingchou, Pa-chou, Sanho-Sien, and other towns—make up the above-mentioned fu, or prefecture. All of these places pay, through their respective district or department magistrates, a land tax on arable land only, which tax goes not to the provincial treasury at Pao Ting Fu (the capital of the province of Pechili), but to the Imperial board of revenue at Pekin. This tax varies when the land is held from the Emperor from that levied when within the domain allotted to a prince for his support, being larger in the latter case. Taxes vary, also, with the crop-producing quality of the soil from ten cents to one dollar and a half an acre, the land in each district being returned, by officers designated for the purpose, as good or bad, high or low.

Is not this practically Henry George's idea of the single tax, and is not a discrimination as to the crop-producing quality of the land wise and proper? I note, in passing, that at Hong Kong city lots are not taxed according to their valuation, but according to their rental value, and this seems to be a wise procedure.

Inside the city of Pekin there is no tax on land, houses or personal property. Goods brought through the city gates pay a likin tax, but are exempt from taxation afterward. The only tax on land and houses in Pekin is the tax on the transfer of real estate, amounting to about ten per cent of the price paid. This tax is exacted on a sale of property whether in or out of the city, whenever the change of the title is registered by the parties in the registry at the magistrate's yamen and a red deed is given. This exaction, however, is said not to be uniform.

To the absence of onerous taxation of the body of the people may, to a great extent, be ascribed the permanence of the Government. Nevertheless, in some parts of her great dominions there has almost always been riots and insurrections. They have greatly grown out of antagonism to foreigners, which unfortunately has recently found some show of justification in the high-handed seizures of Chinese territory by Germany, Russia, England and France. As China has consented that foreigners may live on her soil she must protect them. If she does not, the foreign Powers will, themselves, send troops into her territory to do what China fails to do. There is no evading this duty. The existing insurrection, which seems to have reached the capital itself, will be put down, if not by the Chinese Government, then by the treaty Powers. If positive assurances from the great Powers can be secured to the effect that the partition of China will not be attempted, peace will prevail again and business will proceed as usual. I repeat here, what I have said elsewhere, that every riot in China emphasizes the necessity of our holding the Philippines. In the present crisis in China we have been able to send in a few days troops from Manila to join in the protection of Americans.

GENERAL YUAN SHIH KAI AND MANDARINS

The General (at extreme left), a prominent anti-foreigner, commands one hundred thousand excellently drilled Chinese imperial troops. The mandarins are civil officials and friends of the General

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DELEGATES AND SPECTATORS GATHERING

AT THE CONVENTION HALL

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION AT KANSAS CITY

THE NOMINATION OF BRYAN AND STEVENSON

A PORTION OF THE FOREIGN COLONY AND BRITISH CONCESSION IN TIEN-TSIN

It may be disagreeable to the Administration to engage in what may prove a war of some magnitude—but we cannot abandon our fellow-citizens who are in China under the stipulations of the treaties. Sentimentalism must give way to common-sense. If a Government does not protect its people, what does it do except collect taxes? We have never taken any portion of China for our own. That same position should be now maintained. While military cooperation cannot, probably, be avoided, it should be understood that our troops are in China for the sole purpose of protecting our people. I have not space to forecast the questions that may come up when China is quieted.

FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN PEKIN

A residence under the shadow of the Imperial city was thought to be the safest place in the Empire. In the summer nearly all the foreign residents scattered in the country, and passed several months, ten, fifteen or twenty miles from the capital, or at the watering-place called Peitaho, with not the least fear, or dread of attack. For nearly forty years no attack came. The women and the children roamed unattended all over the country. There were picnics in the old temples, on the hills and beside the streams, and idle summer life went on on the borders of the great plain in which dwelt one hundred millions of people. My family and I spent twelve summers at the American temple twelve miles from Pekin. The doors were rarely locked. No precautions were taken. We lived with the denizens of the temple, and the country people. We bought their vegetables, eggs, chickens, ducks, fruits, meats, and all that they had to sell. When there was sickness in the neighborhood we did what we could to alleviate it. Many a dose of quinine was administered by us. Unattended except by a single mafoo, we rode every day for miles through the villages and fields. We exercised some charity among the poor, and we distributed boxes of American seeds among the farmers. Everybody knew us, and not once did we receive the slightest insult or injury. Perhaps I ought to mention that the Russian Minister, who was sojourning at my temple while his Legation was being built, was robbed of some money, but it was strongly suspected that the thief was one of his own servants.

It is all changed now. These people are savages. It is certain that many men, perhaps millions, are banded together with the fixed purpose to drive out the foreigners. It seems also to be sure that the actual Government has joined with the rioters to accomplish the same end. It is an uprisal of the dark-skinned man against the white man. It is scarcely worth while to inquire who is to blame. I could myself, from my own knowledge, point out various cases in which rank injustice has been done to the Chinaman, as it has been done to the African and the Indian, but in this emergency there is no place for recrimination. We are confronted with the most dangerous condition of things that ever existed in the Far East. Self-preservation becomes the supreme duty of the hour. On the result not only the wealth which has been accumulated slowly for nearly a century is dependent, but also the lives of many white men and women are in danger. Banks, railroads, steamboats, mills, merchandise, the myriad stores of trade, hang on the issue, and these are as nothing compared with the fruition of gigantic hopes of a boundless commerce between our continent and Asia. In this contest between an enlightened civilization and the reaction of desperate barbarism, the wise, the prudent, the progressive man will be found *in alliance with his own race*. If our Ambassadors and their suites have been murdered, the crime must be punished. The sinking of the *Maine* impelled us to war. Dreadful as that crime was, it pales before Chinese treachery if any Government at Pekin aided and assisted in wholesale murder.

THE REPORTED MASSACRES

We never certainly knew that Spain ordered the destruction of the *Maine*, but if sixteen hundred white people have been slain at Pekin, there is no doubt that the persons controlling the Government actively assisted in the stupendous crime. That crime must be punished. The emperor, the empress, the princes and the nobles must be put aside. Better partition than wholesale murder, but partition need not come. Radical measures must be adopted. There must be a new dynasty—Chinese this time. The Manchu, with his tyranny and his vices, must be driven out, and we must help to do it. Therein comes the rub for us. In the face of imminent peril and overwhelming duty traditions must give way as they have often done in our history. It is delicious to live always away from foreign complications, unembarrassed by the world's doings; but greatness brings with it its overpowering obligations. Every day the railroad kills men—to-day it killed more than a hundred. Still the railroad must survive. And so, though men will be killed, and will die of disease on the flat plains between Tien-tsin and the capital, still they must go thither. To stand entirely aloof from the European powers would destroy our influence. If we go in with them in the effort to restore order we may be able to exercise a great influence in determining the destiny of China. What, then, should we ask? First, protection to our merchants and missionaries, and then the autonomy of the Empire. It is sad to reflect that practically we had all this from 1843 to 1900. Riots there were, but the great work of introducing modern civilization into China went on. On whom will history lay the blame that the nascent progress of the Orient has been checked and savagery has resumed its sway? I will not undertake to answer that question now. When the time comes to consider it in the reconstruction of the broken columns of the most ancient empire in the world, let it be put, and answered, so that old errors may not be committed again. For the present there is no hope in any policy except the exercise of force which will overwhelm the treacherous government and its brutal allies in a common destruction.

I feel that I must add to these words the statement that I cannot fully believe that the Europeans and Americans who were residing at Pekin have been killed. I have dear friends there in the Legations, the Customs and the Missions, and near by I have a son, and his wife and child. That there has been great suffering, especially among the dear women and children, is no doubt true; but until a strong confirmation comes of the awful news I shall hope that these precious lives are saved.

Whether the outrages culminated in murder, or not, the situation will not be greatly changed. The foreign Powers must step in and restore order in China. A new dynasty must be put on the throne. I venture to predict that it will not be many months before peace will prevail, and the merchant and the missionary will take up again the tangled skeins of their former occupations.

THE NOMINATION OF BRYAN AND STEVENSON

IT IS THE experience of those best versed in affairs connected with political conventions, that greater enthusiasm can be aroused by "viewing with alarm" than by "pointing with pride."

That, probably, is one reason why the Democratic National Convention, which met in Kansas City, July 4, was a more enthusiastic body than the Republican Convention held in Philadelphia a few weeks earlier.

Surroundings, too, undoubtedly added to the creation of enthusiasm. There is a breeziness about the people of the Central and Far West, those who were most in evidence at Kansas City, which is easily aroused and which, properly encouraged, quickly develops cyclonic proportions.

For these reasons the scenes within the Convention Hall where William Jennings Bryan was nominated for the Presidency were often little short of riotry.

ARRIVAL OF THE DELEGATES

Long before the delegates began to arrive in Kansas City it was known that Mr. Bryan would be named for the Presidency; and by acclamation. There was a disposition, however, upon the part of some of those delegates from the East, who believed that the free-silver issue meant loss of votes, to take from Mr. Bryan the leadership, so far as concerned the creation of the platform. As soon as the delegates began arriving from the South and West, however, it became apparent that Mr. Bryan's personality would be felt in every branch of the work connected with the convention.

New York sent two leaders of national reputation to Kansas City. One of them was former Senator David Bennett Hill, who, four years ago, was accused of skulking during the heat of the campaign; the other was Richard Croker, who spent the summer of 1896, when Mr. Bryan was making his dashing campaign for free silver, in England. Mr. Croker was the first of these two to announce a change of heart; indeed, Mr. Hill has never consented to say that he believes free silver is or can be acceptable to the great body of voters in this country. He did go so far, however, as to acknowledge the leadership of Mr. Bryan and pledge his support to the ticket.

Instead of placing Mr. Hill, as usual, on the committee appointed to frame the platform, the New York delegation named for this important position former Judge Augustus Van Wyck, who was bound by imperative instructions not to make a minority report, should a majority of the committee decide in favor of a plank demanding the free coinage of silver. This committee, after hours of conference and consultation, being at all times in telephonic communication with Mr. Bryan, who was at his home in Lincoln, Neb., decided by a vote of 26 to 24 to reiterate the demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The only concession made to the so-called conservative element was in subordinating the silver issue to that of imperialism.

In the meantime the convention had met, organized, and determined to give the platform, when read, such an enthusiastic indorsement as would carry consternation to the hearts of their friends—the enemy.

The first immensely enthusiastic demonstration which was entered into by all within the Convention Hall was that which greeted the first reference to Mr. Bryan. When Governor Thomas of Colorado made use of the name of the man whom everybody knew was to be the candidate, delegates, alternates and spectators vied with one another in an endeavor to see how much noise could be made. In a general way the enthusiasm was spontaneous and emphatic. The delegates were there to see and be heard.

On the second day of the convention flags were distributed, with instructions that they should be kept furled until a given signal. This signal came after Senator Tillman, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, had read that paragraph of the platform which announced that imperialism would be made the paramount issue of the campaign. There was a demonstration of enthusiasm following Senator Tillman's words, but it did not suit the gentleman from South Carolina in its intensity. When order had been obtained, he announced that by special request he again would read that paragraph. He did so, and, as he finished, two men who had been stationed within the girders way up in the roof of the building cut loose a mammoth flag, upon which had been sewed letters forming this legend:

"The Constitution and the Flag,
One and inseparable,
Now and forever.
The Flag of the Republic forever,
Of an Empire never!"

For more than thirty minutes the convention was a scene of pandemonium. Finally, the great flag was furled just under the roof, and the convention proceeded in its routine course.

After the adoption of the platform a few side speeches were made, and then W. D. Oldham of Nebraska ascended the platform to make the formal speech nominating Mr. Bryan.

Had there been pandemonium and tumult when the platform was adopted? Then at the naming of their candidate the delegates turned tumult and pandemonium into something infinitely greater, for the description of which words have not been coined.

THE NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Unlike the leader of the Rough Riders, ex-Senator Hill stood steadfast in his determination to refuse the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Nor was he coerced when, the next morning, Friday, July 6, his name was formally placed before the convention. With words that could not be mistaken he told his friends that they could best serve him by refusing to vote for him.

So it was that just before the final adjournment, after hours of brilliant oratory, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency was chosen in the person of Adlai E Stevenson. By no means was there the enthusiasm for him which had been exhibited for Mr. Bryan. But, if he was not the first choice of a majority of the delegates, he was certainly acceptable to all of them. Being fully in accord with all of the principles for which the name of Bryan is synonymous, Mr. Stevenson, belonging to the old school of Democrats, served to unite the two wings of the party, and, it may be, will draw to the ticket the support of many of those who bolted the nomination of Mr. Bryan in 1896.

It had been hoped that Mr. Bryan would consent to visit Kansas City and address the convention after his nomination, and great plans had been made for his reception. He thought, however, it would be wiser to make his first speech after he had been formally notified of his nomination.

Few of the delegates were sorry for this, as the heat of the week had been something terrific. Hardly had the chairman's gavel finally fallen before the rush for the homeward-bound trains began.

Built, as it is, upon the crowns of many hills, Kansas City, even in July, generally enjoys a breeze which makes life bearable, even when the mercury mounts to a record-breaking height. The hospitality of those who dwell in Kansas City cannot be exceeded. The home-dwellers simply made themselves the hosts and insisted upon considering all strangers as their guests.

A remarkable incident of the convention was the speech of Webster Davis, who resigned his position in the Interior Department because he was not in accord with the Administration regarding the recognition of the rights of the Boers in their struggle against England. For more than a month he had been discussing with himself in which political camp he should bivouac in the future. When the invitation came for him to address the Democratic National Convention, he accepted. Almost in his opening sentence he announced a change of political faith, which fact was so pleasing that many were willing to place him upon the ticket as a running mate for Mr. Bryan. This idea was, of course, frowned upon by the conservatives, and, beyond the enthusiastic cheers, Mr. Davis's conversion has thus far availed him nothing.

MAIN STREET, PEKIN, WITH MEMORIAL ARCH

CHINESE FLOUR-MILL AND GROUP OF DISAFFECTED LABORERS

ENTRANCE TO LU-KAO-KIAO

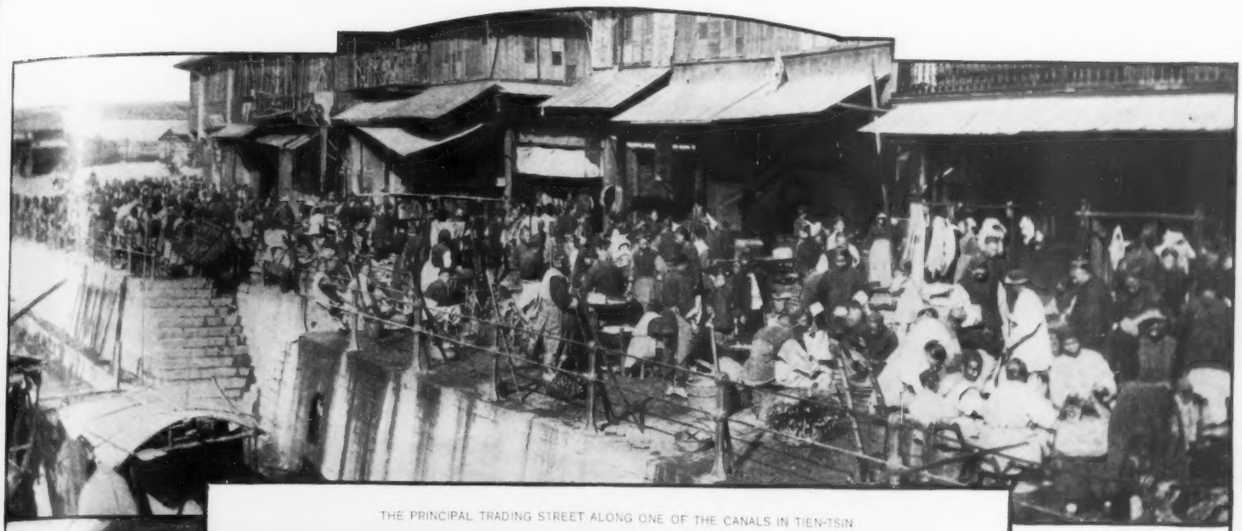
AT BRIDGE CROSSING THE HUNG HO

VICTORIA PARK, TIEN-TSIN, CAMPING GROUND OF THE FOREIGN TROOPS

PAO-TING-FU, WHERE THIRTY AMERICAN MISSIONARIES WERE HEMMED IN

BRIDGE OVER THE HUNG HO NEAR PAO-TING-FU, IN WHICH LOCALITY A PARTY OF BELGIAN ENGINEERS WAS ATTACKED

SCENES OF THE BOXER REVOLT IN CHINA

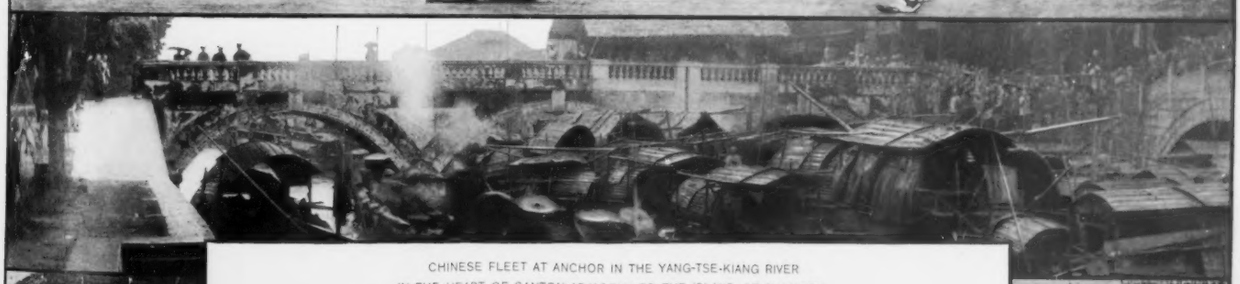


THE PRINCIPAL TRADING STREET ALONG ONE OF THE CANALS IN TIEN-TSIN

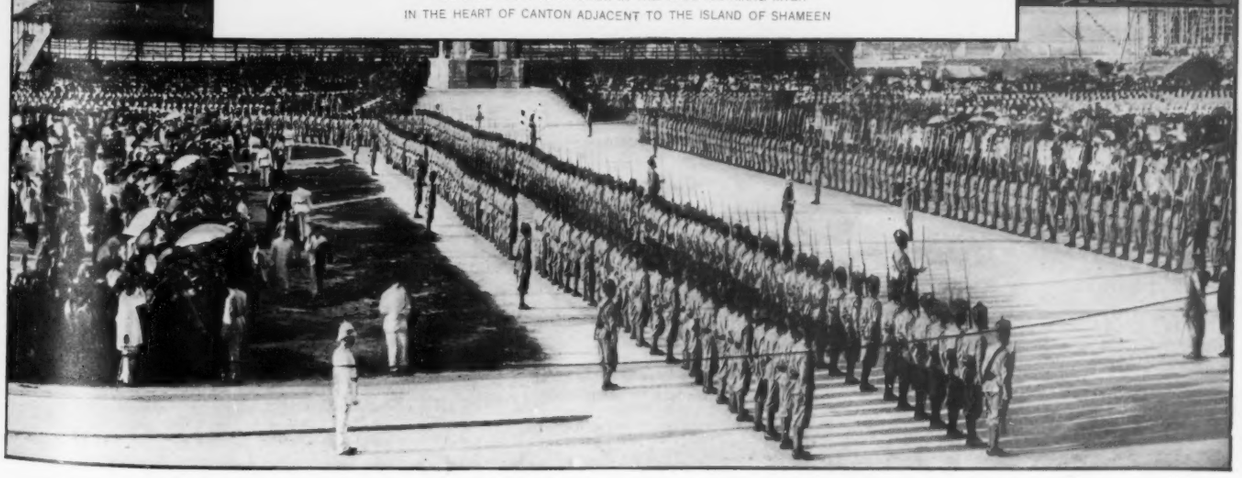
CHINESE ORCHESTRA PLAYING IN A NATIVE THEATRE

THE LATE BARON VON KETTLER, GERMAN MINISTER TO CHINA

FORT AT TAKU CAPTURED BY THE ALLIED FORCES



CHINESE FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE YANG-TSE-KIANG RIVER IN THE HEART OF CANTON ADJACENT TO THE ISLAND OF SHAMEEN



FORMAL REVIEW OF ENGLISH TROOPS AND A REGIMENT OF SIKHS ON THE PARADE GROUND AT HONG KONG

VIEWS IN THE DISAFFECTED DISTRICTS OF CHINA

STEAMERS "PORTLAND" AND "SENATOR" FAST IN THE ICE OFF CAPE NOME, JUNE 1

THE SUMMER RUSH TO CAPE NOME

By TAPPAN ADNEY, Our Special Correspondent In Alaska

ON BOARD PACIFIC STEAM WHALING COMPANY'S STEAMER "VALENCIA," UNALASKA, ALASKA, JUNE 7

IN THE almost landlocked harbor of Dutch Harbor and Unalaska, hardly bigger than a Klondike hat, encircled by frowning bare mountains with snow-covered tops, are lying sixteen ocean steamers, of from five hundred to thirty-five hundred tons measurement, with about six thousand persons, waiting either for the ice to clear from Behring Sea, or to take on coal from the bunkers of the Commercial Companies for the last seven hundred miles of their voyage to Cape Nome. We dropped anchor an hour ago—the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's steamer *Valencia*, Captain J. M. Lane, master, bound for Nome, twelve days out of San Francisco and seven days one hour from Seattle. Our six hundred odd passengers are pushing against the rail, gazing at the strange surroundings and discussing the news the last hour has brought. Two cable lengths away the steam whaling tender *Jeanie*, Captain Mason, lies; having this morning returned from the ice-pack with word that six vessels, including herself, have succeeded in forcing their way through the ice, and have discharged their cargoes and passengers on the beach at Nome. Fifteen or twenty more vessels are fast in the ice. How this news has fallen upon our eager crowd will better be understood when it is known that many of them had engaged their passage weeks and months before the dates of sailing of their respective vessels, after long deliberation about the vessel or the company who would place them first on the beach at Nome. In contemplating any ocean voyage, comfort and safety are to be considered; but in the mind of each and every one of the ten, perhaps fifteen, thousand people started for Nome the one question uppermost has been, "When will the ice break in Behring Sea?" The wildest notions seem, as a rule, to have prevailed. According to Government reports, the port of St. Michael, near to Nome, has been open as early as May 16, but usually not until late in June or early in July. In view of such latitude and the impossibility of knowing when the ice will break, no wonder that every one of the great fleet of vessels preparing for the Cape Nome rush, from the brig *Pitcairn*, which left San Francisco nearly three months ago, to the host of steamers and sailing vessels here and yet behind us, held forth confidently that SHE would be the first to land her passengers and freight at their destination. For it so seems to the silly and other people who engage in these mad "rushes" that to be on the scene a day or a week ahead of all others means a fortune made. And who knows? The chances these Klondikers are willing to take!

IN THE PACK ICE

The pack-ice now and then crushes a vessel. An iron vessel, strange to say, has no business nearer than a mile of the Arctic ice-pack. The *Jeanie*, a wooden, iron-wood sheathed whaler, of course bucked her way through, hitting the pack with full head of steam on, now tying up to the bergs until the weather cleared of fog, and so, after seven days in the ice, she was the first of the vessels to drop anchor off the cape and land her passengers, at noon on the 23d of May.

The next to worm through was the steam whaler *Thrasher*, and then the *Mary D. Hume*, both of the same company as the *Jeanie*. We could understand the whalers getting through, but not the iron steamer *Cleveland*, the steam schooner *Albion*, nor the steamer *Alpha*. The latter, a Canadian vessel, sailed from Victoria on April 6, but being not lawfully able to land at Nome, the revenue steamer *Bear* was sent to head her off; but, dodging both ice and cutter, she landed her freight, and was, at last account, with the *Bear*, one of the strongest vessels ever built for the Arctic, fast in the ice several miles apart, and unable to reach her!

Five minutes after our anchor fell a boat was lowered, the captain started ashore, and, five minutes later, through the courtesy of the captain, I was clambering up the side of the *Jeanie*, and, Captain Mason being ashore, the first officer, Mr. Healey, led me up an iron ladder to a roost he called his cabin (no vessel but a whaler would have originally been built with a human habitation in such a place), lighted up cigars, pulled out a long, yellow logbook, while I put to him the questions I would have to answer when I got back to the ship.

PROVISIONS PLENTIFUL AT NOME

After the story of the landing, Mate Healey reeled off the welcome news that provisions were plentiful, nothing but wood being dear, and lumber bringing six hundred dollars per thousand feet. (The ten million feet now on the way there will break this price into smithereens.) Eggs a dollar and a half per dozen until the *Thrasher* arrived, when they fell to fifty cents. Potatoes thirty-five cents a pound, but now seven cents. A meal at a restaurant not less than a dollar and a half. (How different all this sounds from Klondike in the spring of 1898!) Cigars and common drinks, formerly fifty cents, are now "two bits" (twenty-five cents). Flour five dollars a sack of fifty pounds. Wages one dollar per hour and board. Not much prospecting or work done in the creeks—none on the beach; every one waiting for spring. The winter spent stampeding and staking everything in sight; the rest of the time spent in the saloons. Two thousand have arrived from Dawson over the ice by dog teams, nearly doubling the population, and their tents whitened the beach, until last year's residents of Nome City, as they gazed from the steamer's deck, were unable to locate their own places of business.

Conceive how eagerly the men crowded around the bearer of the first news direct from Nome. In an hour the story got back to me that claims were being jumped, the owners guarding them with shotguns, while the number who had come from Dawson had increased from two to five thousand. Thus do stories grow in Alaska, in the midst of excitement.

Three hours ago the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamer *Senator* steamed in from the north, reporting having been eight days in the ice, within a hundred miles of Nome, but had to return for coal. To-morrow we coal at the Alaska Commercial Company's dock, and next day, says Captain Lane, we will be off for our turn at the ice-pack, though, being an iron vessel, we must keep a safe distance away. Captain Mason of the *Jeanie*, an old whaling man, posted a notice at the North American Commercial Company, advising iron vessels to avoid the ice for a week yet. The brigantine *Catherine Sutton* was crushed in the ice, but her passengers saved by the *Pitcairn*. Two vessels are leaving to-night, but some will not be coaled before a week.

"A SEA OF ICE UNDERLAIN WITH GOLD"

Gradually we are comprehending the bigness of this latest wild goose chase for gold. Here in my pocket is a partial list of vessels which have cleared for Cape Nome from San Francisco alone. It contains the names of thirty-seven steamers and fifteen large sailing vessels. A number of the steamers touched at Seattle, and consequently are included in a published list of fifty-seven vessels, which had sailed by May 26 from that port for Nome. One hundred is the lowest estimate of the number of vessels that will carry freight and passengers to Nome; the actual number may reach one hundred and fifty. When, two weeks ago, at Seattle, I saw steamers leaving daily, their decks crowded and rails black with people; the streets filled with men and women, like unto Broadway; and went from hotel to hotel only to be told that in a day or a week one might secure a cot in a parlor or corridor—then it seemed as if there might be truth in the stories about gold in the sands of the sea, as rich as Klondike—and better; for it is American soil, "God's country," as in Klondike we learned to say. Maybe Alaska's shores and waters are a sea of ice underlain with gold.

This rush is somewhat different from the stampede to Klondike. The United States then was passing through a period of industrial depression, and the news of that strike fell upon soil prepared to receive it. The metaphor might rather be powder ready for the match. Sensational journalism sowed the seed, touched the match. Now a little of the first astonishment has passed away. The present stampeders come largely from the middle and extreme West, and have had Klondike experience. They have attacked the proposition coolly. Not better men, but wiser. The merchants are handling the business of fitting out more smoothly. There is less confusion, but the volume of business is said to be greater. Companies, not individuals, are taking up "outfits." The miners will buy their provisions on the beach perhaps at prices not greatly in advance of San Francisco.

CLOTHES ALONE NEEDED

"You may say," said a prominent outfitter in Seattle, the day I landed there from the East, "that all the people are taking is a clothes-bag." That afternoon, walking along the streets and wharves, where the vessels were lying making ready for their departure, I understood the meaning of his words. Such character of goods piled on the wharves, or going aboard the vessels! Tons of centrifugal pumps and dredging machines, for working on an immense scale the wonderfully fine gold of the beach sand; iron bedsteads and spring mattresses; brooms; stoves fitted with burners for wood (when there is any), coal and kerosene; patent rocking machines and gold separators, in such variety as to suggest that the Patent Office had established a branch in Seattle; crates of fresh vegetables; wagons; tin bath-tubs; and lumber by the million feet—all these goods mostly marked in the names of companies. The water-front was like a fair. There were booths of double mosquito-proof tents; portable tin houses, fakirs hawking magnifying-glasses, warranted to discover gold anywhere. All day long a steady stream of people—a few in "Klondike" costume, but the greater part being dressed in ordinary clothes, and obviously strangers—examined the patent gold-savers, watched the demonstrations of their effectiveness to secure the fine rusted gold, gaped at the fakirs, and snapped little black boxes at each other and the ships. Men struggled along, under huge bags of clothes or heavy valises, toward the wharves, where the big black vessels lay loading. When a steamer, after delays of hours extending into days, was loaded to her load-line, and far below in some cases, and no more people apparently could find standing-room on her decks or in her rigging, there would be a waving of good-by to a surging black crowd on the wharf, in which here and there one saw a sad face and a tear, and a few minutes later another steamer was added to the list of departures for Nome.

GOLD-SEEKERS FROM ALL CLASSES

Most impressive was the departure of our own vessel. Scheduled to leave Seattle on the 30th of May, upon the morning of the 31st the captain ordered all passengers aboard at ten o'clock. The greater number had come with her from San Francisco. It was a varied lot—miners, college men, but more rugged, I thought, than those who set off in such haste for Klondike, so many from desks and counters. A few women were passengers. Among the rest one would surely have noticed the striking face of "Lucky" Baldwin, bound for Nome with a hotel, to retrieve fortune, 'tis said, though others claim him still worth his millions.

About the time all had found places to stand or sit while ubiquitous local photographers took pictures of the vessel, and orders for pictures at half a dollar each, payable in advance, the captain gave orders for all to go ashore, while the ship was searched high and low for stowaways. Then one by one we marched back, each showing his ticket, until we were all again on board. The customs officer examined the ship's papers, certified that she was not overloaded, and at 3 P.M., after a shorter delay than fell to any vessel which till then had gone, lines were cast off and we began slowly to move away. A dense crowd packed the pier, shouting last farewells to friends, kissing good-bys to sweethearts. The ship heeled far over under the weight of her human freight, which packed her deck as closely as men could stand.

OFF FOR THE ARCTIC SEA!

Not until the moment when our own boat lost contact with the piers and the engines began to slowly back, and then, under increasing steam, go forward—not until the crowd of people grew small in the distance and the hand-waving more indistinct, and the city spread out before us on its hillside in the warm light of the afternoon sun, did we fully realize that our ship and each of us as persons were also added to the list of those actually started for the gold fields of the Arctic Sea.

It was a night's run through the Straits of Fuca, when we took the roll of the great Pacific, headed nearly due west-nor'west for our first stopping-place, Dutch Harbor, over two thousand miles away. After that it was hardly more than the usual sea experience—wretched or pleasant, according to the state of each one's liver.

In spite of the best efforts of the ship's officers, no fewer than six persons succeeded in eluding detection, and one by one were hauled out and set to work scrubbing down decks and woodwork.

The departure of the *Jeanie* in a few hours for home, with the only mail that will leave for two weeks, must mark the close of the first stage of our journey. Day after to-morrow we turn our face into the cutting north wind and begin the dangerous part of our journey.

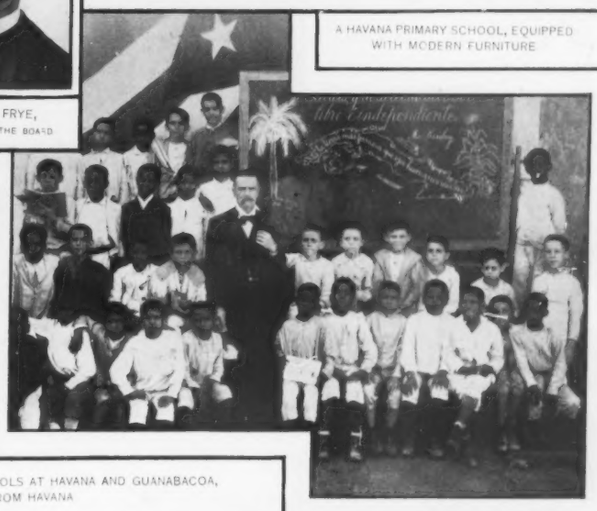
WOMEN TEACHERS BOARDING THE "SEDGWICK" AT HAVANA

THE LAST FAREWELLS AT THE WHARF OF THE TRANSPORT

A GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVE HAVANA SCHOOL TEACHERS

A HAVANA PRIMARY SCHOOL, EQUIPPED WITH MODERN FURNITURE

ALEXIS E. FRYE, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD



CUBAN TEACHERS, SCHOLARS AND SCHOOLS AT HAVANA AND GUANABACOA, THREE MILES FROM HAVANA

ON THE TRANSPORT IN HAVANA HARBOR

THE ARRIVAL OF THE TEACHERS AT NEW YORK

HARVARD'S GIFT TO CUBA

Fourteen hundred and fifty Cuban school teachers, whose transportation is furnished by the United States Government, will attend the summer course of Harvard College, their tuition and living expenses being donated by the College — (See page 19)

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The Outlaw

Being the Narration of a Portion of the Career of Oliver Challen, Captain R.A.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

AUTHOR OF "GALLOPING DICK," "THE WEB OF A SPIDER," ETC., ETC.

DRAWINGS BY C. HARDING

IV—THE HOUSE ON THE CANAL*

THE BLACK NIGHT had fallen with rain and sleet, and the lamps in the Strand shone faintly and without comfort upon the streaming street. In the broad windows of the shops alone was there any warmth or brilliance. From the grating below the building before which I had stopped rose a fat and fragrant heat which cheered, while it tantalized, my spiritless body. The gravy in the huge caldrons within the bright window hissed and bubbled among the sausages, but there was nothing in my pockets which would justify an entrance into the shop. I stood and watched, with greedy eyes and an ever-yawning stomach. Indeed, I had tasted no food for two days, save a few broken pieces on the previous day which the generosity of a poor creature in the doss-house had shared with me. While I stayed there, subject to the wretched drizzle, not knowing nor caring what I should do next, or in which direction my weary feet would carry me, I was aware of footsteps that passed at a slow and even pace. There were not many out in that wild night, for the theatres had closed upon their patrons, and only those whom necessity had driven into the abominable weather went by with a swift step or stalked predatory, at a venture. These footsteps sounded in my ears soft, steady and deliberate, but it was not until I was conscious that they had passed and re-passed me several times that I looked round. I had feared to recognize a policeman, but the first glance relieved me of that terror. A man moved by, wrapped in a thick ulster, and paid no heed to me. Once more I turned my eyes to the window, and once again the footsteps approached. This time I turned about almost unconsciously, and my gaze met his. I seemed to catch something significant in those steady, downcast eyes, and all of a sudden fell upon me a great fear. What if this were a detective officer?

At the thought I started away, and began to walk quickly along the pavement, without considering my destination. But even as I did so I became aware that the footsteps moved after me, and were drawing nearer from behind. I increased my pace, stimulated by the dread which had pursued me nightly for months, but the feet followed after. At one moment I consoled myself by attributing the facts to a coincidence, but at the next a desire for flight possessed me, and I looked vainly for a dark by-way into which I might plunge, so that the Great City should swallow me up. In the midst of these growing fears one such alley came into the light; the black narrows of the passage beckoned me; I moved faster, wishing that I might take to my heels, and was on the point of slipping into the darkness when a hand struck heavily upon my shoulder.

I turned, white in the gaslight, and faced him silently. Our eyes encountered once more, and he laughed slightly.

"So that's it? I thought so," he said, in an indifferent voice. "No, my friend, I'm no detective."

"What do you want with me?" I asked shortly, now that my fears were ended.

He said nothing for a moment, but scanned me from head to foot. "You look cold," he said at last, "and hungry, I guess. This is bad weather for hungry, homeless folk."

"You did not stop me to tell me that," I replied shortly.

"You are right," he murmured slowly. "But I don't like to see hungry people. I thought you might carry a message for me."

I suppose my eager glance betrayed the visitation of a hope, for he nodded as if in answer. "Come out of the rain," he went on; "we can talk under shelter the better, and I've no doubt that you can swallow a glass of something."

He moved away as he spoke, taking it for granted that I should follow, and in truth I had no desire but to do so. We went along the Strand, turned up a side street, and entered a wine-house, sparkling with the light from many gas-jets. A fire burned in a corner of the large room, and small marble tables were scattered about, occupied by groups in conversation. My companion ordered some sandwiches and whiskey, and watched me as I ate. I strove to conceal the voracity with which the food was welcomed, but his cool gray eyes were set upon me, and seemed to read me through.

"You are a gentleman?" he said presently.

I answered nothing.

"Oh, it's of no account," he went on leisurely; "I have a shrewd taste for faces. And we will call you Mr. . . . . ."

"My name is Glazebrook," I said quickly.

"And mine is—Alabaster," he said, with a broad smile.

He was a big, loosely-fashioned man of forty or thereby, and was dressed not too conspicuously after the last fashion. His nose was aquiline, and his hands were long and white; and every act and gesture had the air of deliberation. So we faced each other, the outlaw and the gentleman-at-case.

"Come, I think it matters very little what we call each other," resumed my companion pleasantly. "But I happen to be a Mr. Alabaster, and I should like you to remember the name. I am right in supposing that you are—hard up?"

His glance questioned me carelessly. "You have the evidence," I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

"Pooh! many gentlemen are down on their luck at times," he said, lighting a cigar, and offering me his case.

I shook my head: I had smoked no tobacco for weeks, and the sight of that sweet-smelling cigar unmanned me. He pressed it upon me, and I lighted it with tremulous fingers. Of a sudden I seemed to breathe a new atmosphere, and I was back among my old associations, in my chambers, my body ripe with food and wine, and the warmth of my own hearth.

"It *is* good," observed Mr. Alabaster, regarding me; and quickly changed his tone to one of a businesslike sharpness. "And now, Mr.—Glazebrook, there is no necessity to keep you much longer. No doubt you are anxious to earn a few guineas, and I am in need of—some one who will carry out a piece of work."

"I am most anxious and willing to do any work," I replied.

"Good," said he. "I have told you my name. You have heard of Hume & Alabaster, solicitors? No? Well, at any rate that is my firm. Solicitors, Mr. Glazebrook, have sometimes delicate situations to meet, delicate corners to turn. I fixed my eye on you as a likely man to-night."

I murmured my satisfaction, for my heart beat heavily, as I wondered if my chance had come at last.

"When I take up a man," went on Alabaster, "I ask no questions. I am not particular; and all I want is that he shall be able to do what I wish. Loyalty and competence are what I want—no more."

AT LAST I DISCOVERED ONE WHO MIGHT BE SHE

He eyed me meaningly, and I felt that I winced. I was aware at what he hinted, and that he had indicated under his breath that he cared not though I were a jail-bird.

"That is all right, then," he continued, leaning back in his chair comfortably. "Well, Mr.—Glazebrook, let us say—my firm is the agent for Sir Henry Gorton's estates. It is a large matter, entailing a vast deal of trouble and time, and we make a good thing out of it. Sir Henry has been in India, and I regret to say that we have serious news of him. He is dangerously ill in Paris. You understand? Sir Henry, now, has a daughter, who, I believe, is a thoroughly nice girl, devoted to her father; and it is very reluctantly that we have been obliged to acquaint her with her father's illness. She should arrive in London to-morrow night."

I looked at him expectantly: the fragrance of my cigar titillated my senses, and the spirit had warmed my blood.

"I want you to meet Miss Gorton," said Alabaster—"that is, if you accept the service."

"I will do it gladly," I answered.

Alabaster pushed a sovereign across the table quietly. "I thought you would," he said. "Keep that for expenses between now and then, and meet me here at six o'clock to-morrow."

I took the sovereign, and he rose. "Good-by, Mr. Glazebrook," he said, smiling. "Don't forget the appointment."

I followed him into the night; but, once outside, the rain brought me a clearer head. Between my fingers still remained the piece of gold, and I declare that I saw nothing and thought of nothing save what that signified. I had eaten a few sandwiches, but then I had fasted for two days; the whiskey I had drunk was but an eddy in my brain, calling me forth to further glories. My mind, shifting in itself, went back, and I remembered so many suppers at this hotel or that restaurant. The gleam of lights invoked by my imagination stayed with me; I could hear the waiter shuffling on the silent floor; the chink of glasses was in my ear; and I walked down the Strand, a gentleman of means.

I came to rest at last in a restaurant under the railway arches of Charing Cross. The warmth of the great room, its sense of comfort, the dreadful pictures upon the distempered walls, moved me to a quiet peace which I had not tasted for months, and through which stirred a feeling of exaltation. A hot steak *maître d'hôtel* (how I remembered it!), a sweet which I ate with the zest of childhood, and cognac with my coffee. After these I drew my forgotten self-respect about me.

Outside the weather had cleared; the march of night was visible in heaven, and I sought a boarding-house with the feelings of a prince.

Alabaster, as he called himself, kept his appointment on the following day, and once more we occupied a small table at the further end of the room. His glance fell on my clothes, which I had adapted somewhat for the better, and he smiled.

"I had forgotten," he observed; "perhaps I did not tell you. You are to be my clerk for the occasion, Mr. Glazebrook, and I like my clerks to dress—"

The blood flamed in my face, and I could have struck him in my sudden fury.

"There, no offence!" he interposed quickly, "I am blunt sometimes. We can easily arrange that." He took a five-pound note from his pocketbook. "These are necessary expenses, sir. What I pay you is another matter. I want your services for a few days, and I am willing to pay a sovereign a day. Is it a bargain?"

I answered hoarsely in the affirmative.

"Good once again. Here is the card of my firm. The lady you are to meet is Miss Gorton; the train arrives at 10 o'clock to-night at Waterloo. She will be expecting to be met. When you meet her," he said slowly, "you will drive with her to No. 17, The Bank, N.W."

I started. "The Bank!" I cried in amazement, well knowing, as does every Londoner, what reputation that infamous place had won.

"Why, sir, I speak clearly," said Alabaster equably, but fixing me with his eyes. "An admirable woman, Miss Gray, will be awaiting her." He paused. "Of course, if you do not care to undertake the business, say so and have done with it."

I hesitated. I knew nothing of him, but I distrusted the man; yet the remnants of the gold were in my pockets and I held between my fingers a crumpled note. I had climbed back to some self-respect, to some comfort, and I dared not fall again into the mire. I clung with a passion to that "job," which meant so much for me, and might be so innocent.

"What other orders have you?" I asked in a low voice.

He smiled faintly. I think the devil had given me that space of ease and good living that I might realize the magnitude of my former wretchedness.

"You will explain that Mr. Alabaster has been prevented from attending himself, but that you are his confidential clerk; that Sir Henry Gorton is still seriously ill, that there is some doubt as to whether he is not to be brought to London, and that, pending that decision, it will be advisable for her to remain here in comfortable quarters, where she will be kept acquainted by her father's solicitors—Messrs. Hume & Alabaster—of the turn of affairs. You will then take her to 17, The Bank."

As Alabaster repeated this instruction he stared at me, but I did not wince, and, seeming to be satisfied, he turned away.

"By the way, better take this watch," he said, handing me a gold repeater from his pocket. "And report to me at Charing Cross Station to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

He nodded and left me, and I stood contemplating the five-pound note which still rested in my hand. I was committed to the adventure now, and I swore that I would see it to the close. So I did, as you shall hear.

I was at Waterloo Station that evening before ten o'clock, and, having ascertained the proper platform, awaited the arrival of the train with mingled feelings. I was dressed anew, and fresh from my toilet, moved among the people with a pleasant sense of recovered dignity. For some time I wandered through the confusion of the alighting passengers before I happened upon any one who answered to the description of Miss Gorton. But at last I discovered one who might be she, and who stood, seemingly perturbed and at a loss, beside her luggage.

"Is it Miss Gorton?" I asked, taking off my hat.

* EDITOR'S NOTE—"THE HOUSE ON THE CANAL" IS THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF THRILLING STORIES UNDER THE GENERAL HEAD OF "THE OUTLAW," BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON, WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED AT INTERVALS OF A MONTH IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY. THE STORIES ARE OF THE MOST ABSORBING INTEREST AND DEAL WITH AN ASPECT OF ADVENTURE AND CRIMINALITY WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN TOUCHED ON BY ANY WRITER. THE SERIES WILL BE FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

[illegible]ious glance alighted on me and gave place to satis[illegible] "Yes," she replied. "You are not Mr. Alabaster?"

"[illegible] I am sent by him," I said. "He is unable to [illegible] himself, and I am asked to conduct you to the [illegible] has taken for you."

"[illegible] you," she replied simply, and forthwith I gave [illegible]ructions to a porter.

[illegible]fe in the cab, she turned to me prettily. "I am [illegible]ed to you, sir," she said. "I am not very familiar [illegible]. To what hotel are we going?"

"[illegible]abaster instructed me to take you to some rooms he [illegible]," I answered.

"[illegible]s!" she echoed; and then, "It doesn't matter, I [illegible] Perhaps it is better. If you are Mr. Alabaster's—" [illegible] hesitated, "perhaps you could tell me if there is [illegible] news of my father?"

"Mr. Alabaster says he is still very ill," said I slowly, "but there is no doubt as to whether he is not to be brought to [illegible]. Hence (he asked me to say) it would be advisable for you to remain in town until something definite is heard."

You will perceive that I was carrying out my instructions to the letter; yet with each word, and with every moment, I distrusted Alabaster and regretted my mission the more. At The Bank, as that melancholy and shameless road was called, I stopped the cab and descended. A woman answered to a ring at the wicket-gate—a woman of middle age, handsome of a sort, and showily dressed in a gown of some pretensions.

"Is this the lady I am expecting?" she said.

I nodded. "I have instructions from Mr. Alabaster to—"

"All right," she interrupted briskly. "Let the cabman fetch in the things. Come in, miss."

I waited. My task was over, yet I hesitated to leave. The thought of that quarte, into which I had brought so young and innocent a girl stirred me into a feeling of repentance. As Miss Gorton entered the gate, the woman turned to me.

"All right. You're not wanted. You can go," she said, with an unpleasant smile.

Something moved me to reply on the spur of the moment. "You are not the judge of that," I said shortly. "I shall probably have a good deal further to do."

She made no reply, but her eyelid shot down in a sharp wink; she shut the door with a click; and the last sight I had of Miss Gorton was of a tall, slight form slowly ascending the pathway to the house.

When I met Alabaster the next morning he held in his hand a couple of letters, and he greeted me cheerfully.

"Excellent, Mr. Glazebrook," he said; and later, when we were seated at a bar, he turned the letters over in his hand thoughtfully. "Miss Gorton has a cousin in town," he said, "and naturally she is anxious to see her in these distressing circumstances. But I am quite sure, Mr. Glazebrook," and his eyes watched me, "that you will agree with me that it is not wise at present. She has written to Mrs. Sears-Martin, and expects a telegram from her to-day. Failing that, she will perhaps wish to go to her. I think she should not. Do you agree with me?"

"I know nothing of the matter," I said sharply.

"Pardon me, sir, but I think it is to your interest to have an opinion," he returned significantly. "You have that money to earn—"

"I think, Mr. Alabaster," I said bluntly, "that our arrangement had better terminate."

"I was about to add, when you interrupted," he went on coolly, "that there is another reason. Suppose, for example, I were to give you into custody?"

"You can suppose what you will," I answered furiously. "I am done with you."

"Stay, Mr. Whatever's-your-name," he said, without emotion. "It is wiser for you to hear me out. No doubt, I am not aware what indiscretion—shall we say?—you have committed. But there are others who would perhaps recognize you better than I. In any case, a night in the police-station might be productive of some news."

"On what ground could you give me in charge?" I asked defiantly.

"My dear sir," said he pleasantly, "I have lost a watch with my initials on it—an excellent lever watch, which I value very highly."

He stopped, and I was silent. I saw then, for the first time, with what kind of man I was dealing. He had no scruples; nay, and he prepared every part of his way. What was his purpose in this matter, I knew not; I could not even guess; but I was convinced that it was bad [illegible]. I said nothing—I was in his hands only too secur[illegible]

"What do you wish me to do?" I ask[illegible]dly.

"Capital," he replied. "I think we are agreed. Very well. Your duties shall not be arduous, and your pay is generous, I am sure. I wish you to see Miss Gorton, to prevent her from visiting her cousin or any one else, and also to hint at some deeper trouble than her father's illness."

"Be more specific," I said hoarsely.

"Why, you have wits, man, or I would not have employed you," he said. "On no account let her leave the house. Tell her that she may expect news at any moment, and tell her it is likely to be very grave. Her father's honor, rather than his health, is in question."

"I understand," I said. "And after?"

"You will report to me this evening."

I left him in a very brilliant condition of anger, which I had controlled with difficulty. I was not afraid of him, though he was led to think so; and I felt at that moment that I hated him, and would circumvent him if I had any opportunity. But indeed I knew nothing for certain, and, for all my suspicions, he might be engaged upon a legitimate task. Yet my suspicions deepened during that day, most of which I spent in the neighborhood of The Bank. Miss Gorton was little more than a schoolgirl, slight, ignorant and frightened. But she accepted what I told her without the faintest doubt, and I saw that she was torn only between fear and wonder. When I left that evening, the woman of the house put into my hands, with a significant grin, a stamped letter, addressed to Messrs. Hume & Alabaster.

"Mr. [illegible] well save the stamp," she said, laughing.

I knew what this must be, and by whom it had been written, and I understood how Alabaster had become possessed of the other letters. Here was the evident sign of foul play.

Alabaster was unusually gracious to me next day, and frakier from his custom. "I declare, Mr. Glazebrook," he said, "if this thing goes through, you will have earned your money. I'll doubie it, by Jove! See here. I want you to drop in to-morrow night at No. 17, about eleven. Take your cue from me and follow my lead. I shall be there, but I shan't be Mr. Alabaster—understand? No, I am Bannister henceforth, my dear sir. Pray keep that in your mind, Bannister!"

I pencilled the name on my cuff; and he nodded approval. He had dined, and was in admirable spirits. But I sat quiet, keeping my own counsel, experiencing toward him as deep a distaste as ever. He had pulled aside the mask, and I saw the ugly features of his conduct; they threatened; they were horrible and carnal. I think I did not sleep very long that night.

When I reached The Bank the next night, and had been admitted by the woman, I heard the noise of voices, and one, that of Miss Gorton, raised in agitation. I was free of the house, and I walked up the stairs and knocked upon the door of the room from which the sounds issued. There was no answer to my rap, and so I entered. The girl, white and agitated, stood in the middle of the floor, and Alabaster, or Bannister, was a little apart, gravity glowing in his face, mingled with a certain resolution. He turned to me and started.

"You are come in the nick of time, sir," said he. "I believe you represent Mr. Alabaster, whose firm acts for Sir Henry Gorton?"

I bowed, wondering what would follow.

"Then you can tell this lady if what I say is true," he added.

"It is not true; it can't be true," she said, appealing to me in distress.

"I could best answer your questions if I were to hear what this gentleman has told you," I answered slowly, indicating Bannister.

He eyed me. "Let her say," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Mr. Bannister says that my father—is in trouble, and that I alone can help him," she stammered.

"There is some truth in that," I said, moistening my dry lips.

"YOU FOOL, YOU'RE CAUGHT NOW!"

"'Truth' is an inadequate word," interrupted Bannister. "I have known Sir Henry Gorton for many years, and have had the privilege of Miss Gorton's acquaintance for several. I think you might trust me to act for the best."

The girl looked at me, her lip quivering fitfully. "What am I to do?" she cried, imploring me. "I don't . . . . oh, what would Mr. Alabaster advise?"

"What does this gentleman propose?" I said, still in a constrained voice, which perhaps sounded merely formal to others.

She said nothing, flushing over her whiteness; but Bannister spoke. "I propose that Miss Gorton should honor me by becoming my wife, seeing that by so doing she will secure her father's safety and honor. I would ask you, seeing you are in Messrs. Hume & Alabaster's confidence, if that is not the case?"

I made no reply. Out of the window, the blind of which was undrawn, I could see the faint bare shadows of the trees behind the house, that bordered the Canal.

"I ask you, is that not so?" demanded Bannister's voice again; and looking at him, I caught a menace and a passion of something in his eyes. Inspiration comes sharply, in the spur, I believe, of a necessity. I saw now what devilish business this man was plotting.

I turned from him to the girl, who hung upon my utterance. "It is quite true," I said slowly.

She buried her face in her hands. A gleam flashed through Bannister's eyes. I turned and left the room.

Downstairs I waited, with the dreadful woman for company, until Bannister appeared. He was in capital spirits, and called for a bottle of champagne. I would have declined, but thought it wiser to humor him, and he toasted his future bride.

"There shall be no slip, Glazebrook," said he: "we are to be married to-morrow. I have the special license ready."

Perhaps he would not have told me so much had he been on his guard as usual, but he was too cheerful to take heed; and I believe that he held me in contempt, for a creature that was under his hand. I rose as if to go, and here suddenly fortune turned sharply in my favor.

"Wait outside, Glazebrook, for a moment," he told me. "I will join you presently."

He had some instructions for the woman, doubtless—the last ere this poor heiress should be trapped. Once out of doors, I slipped round the house to the back, and glanced up at the window, bright with light, which looked out from the room in which Miss Gorton was. The house was of two stories only. Scarcely twenty paces away rolled the slow waters of the Canal. What should be done must be done now, or not at all; for the marriage would take place upon the morrow, and if I knew Bannister, he would keep his victim in secure custody until then. But he was off his guard at the moment. If only he should be detained long enough!

I jumped upon the ironwork of the dismal veranda, and by a swift and silent effort clambered upon the battered tin roof. My head was now on the level of the window.

"Miss Gorton," I called low—and again, "Miss Gorton!"

The girl rose from the sofa on which she had thrown herself, and looked at me, startled, wild-eyed, the stains of her weeping upon her cheeks.

"I have no time to explain," I said. "You must trust me. You are the victim of a plot. Can you be ready at once and come with me?"

For an instant she hesitated, and then, "Yes," she cried, and flew toward the door. In a little she had returned by the window, and put out her hands to me. Slowly, and very anxiously, I pulled her through, and she came out upon the roof; thence I guided her after me to the veranda-floor; and a second afterward we were in the garden. I was aware there was no chance of escaping by the front gate, as, apart from the risk of being seen from the house, I had noticed a cab—Bannister's, of course—in the street without. The towing-path was our only chance, and I helped Miss Gorton quickly toward it. A fence of palings separated the garden from the path, and, climbing it, I sat awkwardly astride to assist the girl. As I reached down my arm, I heard a shout.

"Glazebrook! Curse you, you scoundrel!" and I was aware that the flight was discovered and that we were pursued. I dragged Miss Gorton roughly to the top of the fence, and together we reached the ground in a heap. I drew her to her feet, and, taking her arm, set out with all speed along the towing-path.

Behind, I was aware of feet that pursued, and these sounded in my ears as more than two: no doubt Bannister had his creatures—possibly the cabman was one. It was clear that we should be overtaken if we trusted to our heels, for the girl dragged on my arm, and, if it should come to a conflict, Bannister and his rogues, both of whom might be armed, were more than a match for me. In my despair I cast a glance down at the canal, in which the stars were shining dimly. It looked cold and black and cruel; but the glance turned the current of my plans. I stopped suddenly, drew the girl to the water, and stooping, pulled to me a small boat that was hobbled to the bank. In a minute more we were in the cockleshell, and she was in the middle of the ditch, just as two dark figures ran into view along the path.

An exclamation of fury announced that my manœuvre had been observed, but I cared little for that, and pulling at the oars drew under a bridge. It was now past midnight, and there was no one within sight or hearing. I was anxious to ground the boat on the opposite bank and escape that way, leaving the water between us and those rascals. But I very soon abandoned that intention, as I discovered the opposite shore to be steep and slippery, and to be surmounted by a high wall. When I came out from under the bridge, the two men were there, waiting. Clearly, they had not given up the chase, but aimed to stop me somewhere within that silent chasm. I pulled quickly; the men had disappeared; the night reigned placid in the sky. And suddenly before the boat loomed a mass of masonry. At the same time I perceived that the towing-path had come to an end. Gloom lay upon either hand. Then a voice rose, almost in my ears:

"You fool, you're caught now!"

Bannister was within a few feet of me, leaning from the bank; I turned the boat toward the further side, and became conscious of a movement in among the grasses there. In a moment I knew I was cut off from both banks; but what was before me?

I drove the boat into the centre of the stream, and pushed forward; the sculls dipped in the water heavily.

"Fool!" cried Bannister's voice: "you dare not go there."

The next moment she had passed into a black, infernal stillness, close as the grave, and damp and rank of savor. With a shudder I had a thought. We were in the long tunnel which here receives the waters of that foul Acheron.

The girl had made no sign, and I believe that she had fainted; if so, she was spared the horror of that passage. The tunnel must have extended for more than half a mile and the blackness was profound. Time after time the boat struck the masonry, but I pushed her off, and pulled on blindly, wildly, in the hope to arrive at the end and—air and the stars of heaven once more. I think in looking back that I must have taken an hour to get through, for when I emerged and the thin radiance of the night was visible on the water beyond a clock somewhere was striking one; and upon the towing-path on my right stood two dark figures.

Had they followed us even here? Were we never to be quit of them? In a deep gust of despair I turned the boat to the further bank, ran her aground, and leaped out. As I did so I saw one of the figures jump into the canal. I seized the girl, and dragged her to land. Beyond, a low railing fenced the street from the water. Half dragging Miss Gorton, I surmounted this, and set off down the road. I was conscious of the pursuit, but dared not look behind. The road was empty at that late hour, but as I reached a turning I caught sight of a brougham standing before a house. I ran toward it, and, as I came abreast with my poor burden, the light within showed me an elderly man, with gray hair. A star shone in his coat. The coachman was moving his horses.

"Sir," said I, breathless, and clutching at the window, "this lady is the daughter of Sir Henry Gorton, and she is in danger."

He uttered an exclamation, but the door of the carriage fell open. I thrust the girl in.

"I have done my duty," I said. "For God's sake, drive!" I shouted to the coachman. I caught an amazed and questioning glance from the old man; and then the brougham was flying down the road, and I was running—running—running from the vengeance behind me.

END OF THE FOURTH STORY

OUR NEW TE
HAWA

THE FIRST AMERICAN GOVERNO
READING HIS INAUGURAL ADD
FROM THE STEPS OF THE EX
ON THE FORMAL ADMISSION OF
UNION

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVEY, HONOLULU

EW TERRITORY
IAWAII

ICAN GOVERNOR, SANFORD B. DOLE,
AUGURAL ADDRESS JUNE 14, 1900,
S OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING,
ADMISSION OF HAWAII INTO THE
UNION

(SEE PAGE 18)

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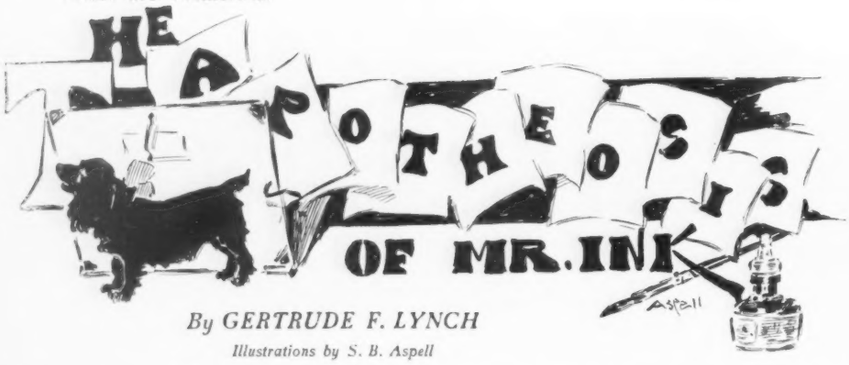

HE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. INK

By GERTRUDE F. LYNCH

Illustrations by S. B. Aspell

THERE WAS always a soft bunch in Miss Paisley's studio or "den," as it was irreverently called by intimates. The soft bunch occasionally uncurled itself, and then one could see that it was in reality a bright-looking pup of the spaniel variety. The pup had been Miss Paisley's companion ever since she commenced her collection of shattered illusions, of which she had a large and mixed variety, and had seen her through many dialogues in which Disappointment, always with a large D, played the leading rôle.

Miss Paisley was a struggling artist with faltering feet on the lowest round of that ladder of Fame which has plenty of room at the top, but on which progress is prevented by the surging crowd at its foot. If she ever had time to express herself on any subject not directly connected with her art, she would no doubt assert that the presence and companionship of the small dog were all that made life bearable.

One afternoon she came out of an editorial sanctum with a bundle of "washes" under her arm. She heard quick steps behind her and was presently joined by a strange young woman who held a small, tightly rolled package, which suggested manuscripts, returned with thanks.

"I guess we're in the same boat," the latter said blithely, glancing at her companion's bundle, then at her own.

Miss Paisley nodded.

"My name's Goggles. Yours is Paisley, isn't it? What's your sketch?"

"I call it 'The Return.' You see, it's the picture of a young man kneeling at a woman's feet. The editor said the drawing and idea were all right, but men didn't kneel at women's feet nowadays."

"Of course not. May I see it?" They were on the lower floor by this time, and, stepping to one side of the elevator, Miss Paisley untied the big envelope.

"That's mighty good. Swell gown. I'm glad it's a tailor-made."

"Why?"

"Oh, I've got an idea. My story is about a new creation of Paquin. The editor said it would go if I only had an illustration. Now if you could take that home and put a few rows of stitching around the bottom of the skirt we might work them in together. Do you see?"

The artist hesitated. "What'll I do with the man?"

"The man! You couldn't rub him out? Well, I'll tell you. You lift the skirt a little, so it will look as if he had it in his hand, and he'll do all right for a tailor. He's a good type."

The artist still hesitated. She rather hated to turn him into a tailor, but there didn't seem to be any better future for him.

The two girls walked home together, and in her den that evening Miss Paisley, with a new-born cheerfulness inspired by her companion's hopeful demeanor, arranged her sketch to meet the exigencies of an unexpected occasion. She reached out for the penwiper, which had fallen to the floor. Stooping, her fingers came in contact with something soft and, with the absent-mindedness of budding genius, she wiped the pen on the puppy's ear.

The editor was delighted with the sketch and story, and suggested that the girls do something else together. "If you had something right away," he said amiably, "I might push it a little."

The result of this conversation was that Miss Goggles came to the den to look over material for a possible story.

"What's this?" she asked, holding up the picture of a young woman sitting at a piano, looking coquettishly at a man who leaned toward her with a very teethy smile.

"Oh, I did that as an 'ad.' for a tooth-wash. It didn't suit for some reason or other."

"Could you put a mustache over the man's mouth and cover it up a little? Then I could use it with a little spring song I have, about music floats and rippling notes—you know the kind."

It was during the metamorphosis of a tooth-wash into a spring song that the puppy's other ear took on a shade of density, in comparison with which Erebus himself would have appeared pale as the driven snow, and which marked an advance toward that atmosphere of complete philosophy produced only by paid bills.

Editorial exactions kept the girls apart for a few weeks. There had been one of those periodical turnovers in the literary world, and the changes had been beneficial to both.

One evening Miss Goggles came hurriedly into the studio.

"What's that?" she exclaimed in surprised accents, as a party-colored arrangement stepped aside for her to pass.

Miss Paisley looked at the puppy reflectively, as if his changed appearance had struck her perceptions for the first time. Three black paws had been added to the tout ensemble and some wriggling parallels down the middle of his back.

"Didn't you see that series of sketches of mine in the 'Comet'? No? New editor, and he seems to like my work." She wiped her pen across the dog's waiting back and arose.

"What can I do for you? Of course, it's business?"

Miss Goggles was already unrolling a piece of memorandum-pad stuck in her purse.

"I've got a fiction story accepted, and they want to run it right along, but the artist on the staff is ill. Now, if you've got something all ready, why, trot it out. It's the story of a wife who is flirtatious, and comes home to find her husband has shot himself. There's a lot of frills to the story, but that's the point for illustration. Got anything on suicides in stock?"

Miss Paisley was opening the leaves of a big portfolio. "Here's a sketch I've just completed for one of those Home Gymnasiums. The man's lying flat on his back with one arm over his head. He's supposed to be pulling out one of the handles. I might work the gymnastic arrangement into the background and draw a pistol at his side, as if it had dropped out of his hand."

"Just the thing! I'll wait. You won't have to change the expression of the face; it's exactly right."

It was during the transformation of an athletic gentleman into a corpse that the puppy assumed a checker-board appearance that was more striking than strictly beautiful. Miss Paisley's "lines" were already beginning to attract attention in the artists' world. Nowhere were they seen in such purity as on the puppy's back.

Miss Paisley at length reached a point in her career where she could receive an order for a piece of work without feeling that the earth was too small for her morning walk. One day she opened a letter asking for a specimen of her art. "You might," wrote the editor, in the after-thought of a postscript, "get some one to write you a little story about it." She was particularly pleased with this closing suggestion. She had in a quiet way always resented the subordination of her work to the thoughts of another.

She had had leanings toward golf. She had never seen the time when she could realize them, but she could at least, now that the opportunity offered, turn her art golfward. So she drew the picture of a young man and maiden, a bundle of golf sticks, and a general atmosphere of bunkers and tees. She showed it to Miss Goggles, and read her the editor's letter, with a subdued air of triumph.

Miss Goggles was not at all annoyed by the editorial point of view. In fact, she saw in it an opportunity for playing Miss Paisley's game, which had appealed to her commercial spirit. She sat on a low footstool, carefully drew her gown away from the puppy's inky back, and pushed her spectacles into the roots of her hair.

Her tone was reminiscent. "I wrote a poem," she commenced, "a long time ago. It was when tennis was in its prime, and racquets and blazers figured in it. I couldn't place it; so I put it away somewhere. Then, about a year ago I got it out and turned it into a bicycle ode, and changed the racquets and blazers into bloomers and bikes. That didn't go either. I think I might convert it into a golf poem. Something about golf coats and drivers, call it the 'Song of the Golfer,' instead of the 'Song of the Bloomers,' as I had it last time. It would just fill out the page, I should think—make a nice combination."

By this time the checker-board on the puppy's back had lost the white squares and become a solid mass of unmitigated darkness. The sketches in the portfolio had been reduced in number, each inky curl representing a modicum of successful endeavor.

"I must," said Miss Paisley, soliloquizing one day, "buy a new penwiper, if I ever get time. I don't believe the ink agrees with him."

Her good resolve, however, was lost in the crowd of new orders which filled her time and thoughts.

She met Miss Goggles just coming in to see her one day, and they ascended the stairs together. Miss Goggles wore a new winter suit and a worried look.

"If you'll help me out this time I'll never ask you again. I know you're getting so famous that it's a shame, but I just had this opportunity and it's a big thing for me. If you could—" she spoke pleadingly. She had lost her autocratic manner.

Miss Paisley had just received a long-delayed check and felt amiable.

"I haven't a moment's time to do anything, but there are just a few sketches left if you can use them. What's your story?"

"Social Types in Chicago and Boston."

Miss Paisley thought. "I'll get the step-ladder," she said, at last. "I put some old things away there a long time ago. There might be something."

While she sat on the top step, with some old washes in her lap, Miss Goggles continued her remarks:

"The editor asked me if I could write something on that line and I suggested that you illustrate them. I told him you were born in New England and had lived a few years in Chicago."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he is very sympathetic. Said you *had* had [illegible]."

Miss Paisley threw down a roll of dusty papers. "[illegible] the only thing I can find. I don't believe you can do anything with them. I did them for a patent medicine [illegible]."

The time-worn sketches represented women who had tried and been benefited by the advertised tonic. Women [illegible] ated, emaciated, angular; women with soulful eyes [illegible] seeching attitudes; women who had apparently "[illegible] rived"; women looking for that not impossible He[illegible] were the "Befores." They were supplemented [illegible]

women who seemed bursting from their not too well-made clothes; women who had aggressive [illegible] and big feet; women who had been [illegible] feet; women who didn't trouble about their mental status—those were the "Afters."

"I think they would do all right," said Miss Goggles slowly. "They are perhaps a little exaggerated, but I don't see why I couldn't use some in the 'Befores' for New England and some 'Afters' for Chicago. I'll take them anyway."

A few days after Miss Paisley received a note from Miss Goggles: "Editor delighted. Says your conception is remarkable. Great student of Human Nature. Says something about sending us to the Paris Exposition together to study people. Haven't you any Coney Island studies we could take along to fix over as Armenians and the like?"

The next time Miss Goggles called she found a long black streamer on the door-knob. Within, Miss Paisley, with a handkerchief to her eyes, sat mourning over a small figure stretched lifeless on the only chair in the room.

Miss Goggles was very sympathetic.

She opened the piano and played the funeral march from Saul; then, the practical spirit coming to the surface again:

"After the first wild burst of your grief is over, I might write something about Mr. Ink, and you to illustrate it. He really ought to be immortalized. It's the least we can do."

THE END

THE CREATION OF WOMAN

THE last section "Of a Finger of the Moon Reddened by the Setting Sun," in the Sanscrit work called the "Surging of the Ocean of Time" contains a legend concerning woman's creation which is commonly credited throughout India, and which runs somewhat as follows:—At the beginning of time, Twashtri (the Vulcan of Hindu mythology) created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself to do as follows: He took the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gayety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the harshness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay, and the cooing of the turtle-dove. He melted all this and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man. Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and is always ill." And Twashtri received the woman again. But eight days later the man came again to the god and said:

"My lord, my life is very solitary since I retained this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again.

"My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I'm sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you relieve me of her."

But Twashtri cried: "Go your way and do your best."

And the man cried: "I cannot live with her."

"Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri.

And the man went sorrowfully away, murmuring: "Woe is me, I can neither live with her nor without her."

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

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There never is any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness and perfect keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood First for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

Without a Rival
FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS
such as
Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver
Sick Headache, etc.
IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.
Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also speedily restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.
Beecham's Pills
Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes.
25c. at all Drug Stores.

FACTS ABOUT FLOUR

Made White by Leaving Out the Part Which Helps Digest.

Modern methods of milling separate the parts of the wheat berry that contain the diastatic element, and furnish only the white flour made up almost entirely of starch.

One of the principal elements needed to digest this starch has been left out in the process, and therefore the person who eats much white bread is almost sure to have intestinal troubles, for the starch does not digest properly and must, of necessity, decay, and cause all sorts of trouble.

Grape-Nuts food, on the contrary, is made up of the entire wheat and barley, and the processes of digestion as shown in the human body, are copied as exactly as possible, in a mechanical way, by the use of moisture, time, and warmth. No chemicals or other ingredients are used, but the simple methods scientifically arranged.

In this way the starch of the grain is transformed into grape sugar, and the Grape-Nuts food, which appears in a granular form, shows on the outside of the little granules, glittering specks of this grape sugar, which is not put onto the food from the outside, but is a result of the change of the starch into grape sugar, which works out to the surface, very much as the sap of the hickory or maple tree will frequently show in the shape of white sugar on the sawed-off ends of logs.

A handful of Grape-Nuts held to the light will show the little glittering particles of grape sugar. It is naturally and scientifically predigested, therefore the food agrees with the weakest sort of a stomach. It must not be used in large quantities at one meal, for it is concentrated, and over-feeding of even the choicest food is not advisable.

Being perfectly cooked at the factory, the food can be served instantly, either dry or wet, cold or hot. When wanted hot, hot water, milk or cream can be poured over it. There is a definite, distinct and undeniable gain in nervous energy and vitality when Grape-Nuts food is used.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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and revitalizes the whole body.

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The Maxwell Co., Dept. 115 St. Louis, Mo.

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT
EDITED BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A HOUSE-PARTY

THE HOSTESS WHO can accommodate a house-party in her summer home for a number of days should, as an initial step, take note of her resources for their entertainment. Indoors she has, of course, a sufficient number of sleeping-rooms, so that her guests may be established in comfort, and have an opportunity for privacy when they desire it. Two girls will not mind occupying the same guest-room if they are sisters or intimate friends, when a numerous company taxes the dormitory part of the house, and similarly two men may room together if need be, but separate beds should always be provided in either exigency. The guest-rooms must be amply fitted with bathing facilities; nothing is so embarrassing and uncomfortable as for a large party of people to be obliged to take turns in using a bathroom for the daily toilet. Towels must be generously supplied and constantly renewed. Writing materials, including note-paper, envelopes and stamps, with a card indicating the arrival and departure of mails, should be placed in every guest-chamber, and also, as a matter of course, in the library or the general sitting-room.

A pleasant dining-room, a veranda with chairs, divans, hammocks and small tables, and a cozy or luxurious drawing-room for conversation, cards and dancing, or whatever else may be desired in the evenings, are desirable as part of the equipment of the summer cottage to which guests are bidden, singly or in groups. Men find a smoking-room an added luxury.

FIRES AND ROOMS

SINCE even in our tropical summer there are nights in the mountains, and nights by the ocean, when a blissful cold wave rolls in at sundown, every country house requires fire-places. A blaze on the hearth is often needed for warmth and cheer, and there is no social inspiration which surpasses an open fire. Around it people relax from stiffness and formality, and in its ruddy glow they tell stories, sing songs and are filled with content.

A large floor space, divided only by screens, which may be at pleasure removed, throwing several rooms into one, or the opposite, as occasion suggests, is a good idea in the country house. Thus, swiftly, by a few magic passes, the dining-room is merged in the drawing-room, and the library melts into both. Again, a convenient screen, a feathery palm or two, a great vase overflowing with lilies, and, presto! you have a cozy corner, where two that have reached the stage in which a third is superfluous may sit and chat, near the rest, yet agreeably remote, through the friendly forethought of a hostess who values the properties of her home and knows how to use them.

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS

FOR outdoor enjoyment a party of young people will not be at a loss if there are golf links and a tennis court. Where there is a river or a bay, or perhaps a broader extent of sea, there will be still-water or surf bathing, and much pleasure in boats. Oars and sails afford no end of recreation to those who dwell on a coast with blue water rippling in the sunshine and flowing through the landscape like a shimmering ribbon of light. Where the white waves roll over the bar and cream up the shingle, where the salt breath of the winds is an elixir of life, the hostess is forestalled by Nature; her visitors will need little more than the dear old Mother has to offer them.

❧

Riding, driving, walking (as preferred) excursions may be made to the picturesque view which is the neighborhood's pride. An objective point anywhere within twenty miles, with a supper at the end or a luncheon in the middle, will give an excuse for a picnic. But, having looked over her ground, and ascertained what she has for the entertainment of her friends, the American hostess should take a leaf from the book of her English sister. Guests should be given the freedom of the house, and allowed to do very much as they please, how they please, and when they please. They should breakfast in their rooms, or one by one, as may suit their convenience; nor should the hostess feel responsible for them during the morning hours which she needs for her own engagements—for her housekeeping and letter-writing, and the many cares which seem inseparable from the ordering of an establishment of any size, from the simplest to the most sumptuous. Dinner is the one function from which no one may be absent.

SENDING INVITATIONS

IN SENDING invitations, the hostess usually mentions not only the day she looks for her guests, but the most convenient train and the nearest station to her home. She expressly states the date of departure as of arrival, because, if she is to entertain successive house-parties, they must not overlap. The success of such a party depends upon its elements, and a company of people selected to spend a week or a fortnight under a roof, however hospitable it may be, should not be inharmonious nor incongruous. The same sort of people, people with identical associations, similar traditions, acquaintances in common, and a common stock of allusions and recollections, will understand one another and have a good chance for mutual enjoyment. There may be an agreeable dowager or two, a charming old gentleman who has seen much of the world; for without the presence of old people society is always a little crude. Also, there will be clever girls with perhaps a mother still young and sympathetic with youth, and there must be—this the really difficult problem in America, where all men work and women constitute the only leisure class—a sufficient number of men to add a spice of gallantry, a flavor of flirtation, a little downright, honest admiration to the cup of the girls' enjoyment.

THE DUTY OF GUESTS

THE GUESTS, accepting a bid to a house-party, must keep their engagement. No slight excuse, no yielding to a later and possibly more alluring project can be suffered to interfere with a promise made. One is free, on receipt of an invitation, to accept or decline it; one is not free to break a pledge once given. There is an obligation on every guest to do his or her full share to making the occasion a success. He or she who can tell a story should not let the golden minute pass for its telling. Dulness, the bane of many a social gathering, will be eliminated wherever people are spontaneous, self-forgetful, determined to be pleased and to give pleasure.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DILLON, SAN JUAN

"LITTLE MOTHERS OF PORTO RICO"

THE "LITTLE MOTHERS" OF PORTO RICO

WE HAVE received some charming photographs of West Indian children, one of which is presented on this page. Nowhere in Greater America is poverty more in evidence than in our little island in the tropics. Hence nowhere is the "Little Mother" more in evidence than on this island of Porto Rico. In all countries those least blessed with worldly stores seem superabundantly supplied with the little Heavenly gifts shown in this picture, and Porto Rico is no exception to the rule. By the invariable law of cause and effect the Porto Rican "Little Mother" is a natural product of existing circumstances.

NEW BOOKS

AMONG new books, Mr. James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law," a tale of the Kentucky hemp fields, will make the strongest bid on the attention of summer readers. What have you known about hemp, except as you have vaguely associated it with ropes and cordage, very possibly with the sin-sier use it has traditionally afforded in the grim hands of the hangman? Nowhere in literature is there to be found a finer description than Mr. Allen gives of the growth of hemp, from the sowing to the reaping, from the first "faint veil-like greenness when every spring welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice; before a bee is abroad under the calling sky; before the red of apple buds becomes a sign in the low orchards, or the high song of the thrush is pouring forth far away at wet pale-green sunsets," to the hour a hundred days thence, when sturdy men cut it down and carry it home. Prose poetry reached high-water mark in this idyllic chapter, the fit opening of a strong and very unusual story, than which nothing more modern has been written in a decade. Over the whole history of a manly and strenuous soul hovers the atmosphere of old Kentucky, of the old South, or, rather, of the South as it emerged from the smoke and flame of the War of the Rebellion. There is a very tender, very winsome love-story threaded through the book—the story of David and Gabrielle—and many a circle of readers will talk it over in vacation days under the pines. And if you have never known the spicy balsam of the growing hemp, you will smell it as you read, and you will never be content till you know that scent for yourself. The book comes from the press of the Macmillan's. It is no hurried potboiler this; it is a live, warm, eager book, a book to be loved and kept among one's possessions.

SUMMERING IN NEW YORK

WHEN everybody is out of town, and long rows of houses are boarded and wired up, the town is by no means deserted. As a proof one needs only to visit any of the parks, which are gay with children, not especially of the children of the poor. Well-clad boys and girls, their cheeks sunburned, their eyes bright, find the great park meadows a splendid summer sporting ground. The recreation piers, too, on hot days are thronged with little ones, mostly from the tenements, and sorely in need of fresh air. A great city is a congeries of cities, and when wealth and fashion have gone to Newport and to Lenox, there are still plenty of good people left at home, many of them not in the least embarrassed by want of means. This is true, not of New York only, but of all our large towns.

❧

I dipped my cup in a crystal spring,
On a hot and dusty way;
I heard a bird in the greenwood sing
In the midst of a lonesome day;
I saw the flitting golden wing
Of a moth like a flame at play.

And I thought how the drop of a silver wave
Gives strength at need, and cheer;
How the lilt of a song makes the sad heart brave
And lifts it o'er doubt and fear;
How the beautiful springs from the gloom of the grave;
How helpers are always near.

❧

The sun-bonnet is not a prettier lot of head-gear than the sailor-hat, except when it is out of use. With its frills and ruffles and tucks, it is a dainty thing to hold in the hand. But it hides a lovely face, and is, to that extent, vexatious. Still, if girls would wear sun-bonnets and chamois gloves, they would preserve fair complexions and lily-white hands.

A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

WHICH of us has not noticed that signal of distress, unmistakably evident when nerves are on the rampage—a thin, high-pitched voice, sharpened with eagerness, accentuated by misery? The woman may control her face, may control her gestures, but when she is disturbed, fretted and moved from her composure it is difficult for her to restrain the note of pain which finds expression in the rasping tone and the worried emphasis. Yet if she can so keep herself in hand that she speaks in a low and even tone, without a cadence of complaint, the very endeavor will bring about relief. Discipline in this regard marks the difference between the true aristocrat and the second or third-rate person. The latter has never discovered that to be overvoluble is a sign of the low caste; that emotions are to be held in leash; that even sorrow must be repressed lest it shadow the gayety of others; and that the last thing which highly civilized persons ever display is irritability. When we suddenly become aware that we are not speaking with our habitual gentleness, that we are making too much use of the whiny inflection, and that in spite of ourselves we are letting our inward discomposure creep into our voice, we must call a halt. A good plan, then, is to go away alone and sit perfectly still, with limbs relaxed and eyes shut.

DANGER SIGNALS OF DISEASE

Lord Salisbury uses a CLINICAL THERMOMETER DAILY

He has done this for many years and attributes his uniform good health largely to this watchfulness of the danger signals of disease, which he has been enabled to prevent by proper methods

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ANY DEVIATION FROM THE NORMAL TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMAN BODY—98 3-5 DEGREES—INDICATES SOME DISORDER WHICH MAY LEAD TO DISEASE

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Each Thermometer is accompanied by six copyrighted clinical charts and a little book entitled "Danger Signals of Disease" showing the uses of the Clinical Thermometer. This booklet will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone who writes Dept. B and sends name and address.

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are easiest of preparation, and cost but ten cents a can, making six liberal portions. Sold by grocers. Sample can six cents in stamps. Booklet free.

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A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

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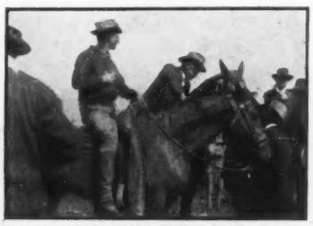
REUNION OF ROUGH RIDERS AT OKLAHOMA

THAT most picturesque and spectacular of military organizations, known to popular fame as the Rough Riders, though figuring in history as the First Volunteer United States Cavalry, held its first reunion in Oklahoma, July 1-3, to commemorate its services at Las Guasimas and Kettle Hill, Cuba. Governor Roosevelt, who was lieutenant-colonel and second in command of the regiment at that time, was present, and was, of course, the hero of the occasion. The colonel of the regiment, in those actions, General Leonard Wood, could not be present, as he is engaged in reconstructing or creating an administration in Cuba.

The reunion of the Rough Riders was regarded by themselves as remarkably successful, although only about two hundred members of the unique organization could be marshalled in battle array. Two years had played sad havoc with its muster roll, and the little band of fighting cowboys, half-breeds and adventurous young gallants, which answered to the bugle call on the parade-ground of a territory whose name is perhaps not yet known to Spanish geographers, would not have seemed very terrible to the Castilians who once faced it in the tall grass at Las Guasimas. Captain Luna, Lieutenant Keyes, and a half-dozen more, have found death in the Philippines. But the organization could still muster a respectable force, and many of its best-known officers were present.



GOV. ROOSEVELT GREETS THE ROUGH RIDERS

A remarkable feature of the celebration was the presence of nearly two thousand veterans of the Confederate army, where the art of modern cavalry was created and developed, under Forrest and Stewart. There were also present a large number of United States troops, a squadron of the Eighth Cavalry, part of the Twentieth Kansas Regiment, and portions of the First Colorado and First Tennessee.

BRONCHO BUSTERS AND EXPERT ROPERS

There was a civic and military parade, in which Governor Roosevelt held the post of honor, and this was followed by exercises, consisting of addresses, and tournaments.

In the afternoon Governor Roosevelt witnessed a roping and riding exhibition, and saw thirty wild steers roped and tied. There were some wonderful exhibitions of skill. The winner of the contest roped and tied his steer in forty-four seconds, breaking the record. Miss Lucille Mulhall took part in the roping of the wild steers, and proved herself as skilled a rider and steer-tamer as any of the hardened cowboys.

THE THIRTIETH STEER ROPED AND TIED

It was decided to perpetuate the reunion; and the meetings will be held in July of every year, in one of the Territories or States in which the regiment was organized—Texas, and Arizona, New Mexico, Indian and Oklahoma Territories.

THE fourth annual lecturer of the "Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard" will be Monsieur Gaston Deschamps, the well known literary critic of the Paris "Temps." He will sail for America in February next and will give at Harvard, under the Cercle Français, eight lectures on the "Théatre Contemporain."

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DR. J. C. CABLE, Brooklyn, N. Y., says. "I have four or five patients taking Abbey's Salt regularly with great benefit. I think it the finest liver and intestinal invigorator on the market, and shall certainly prescribe it right along."

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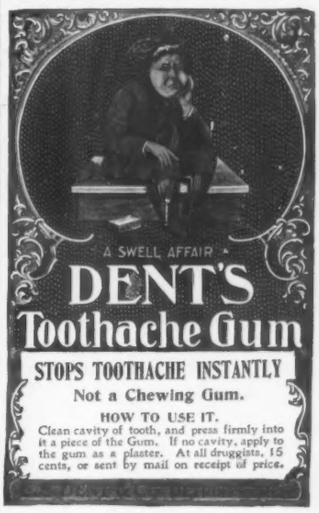

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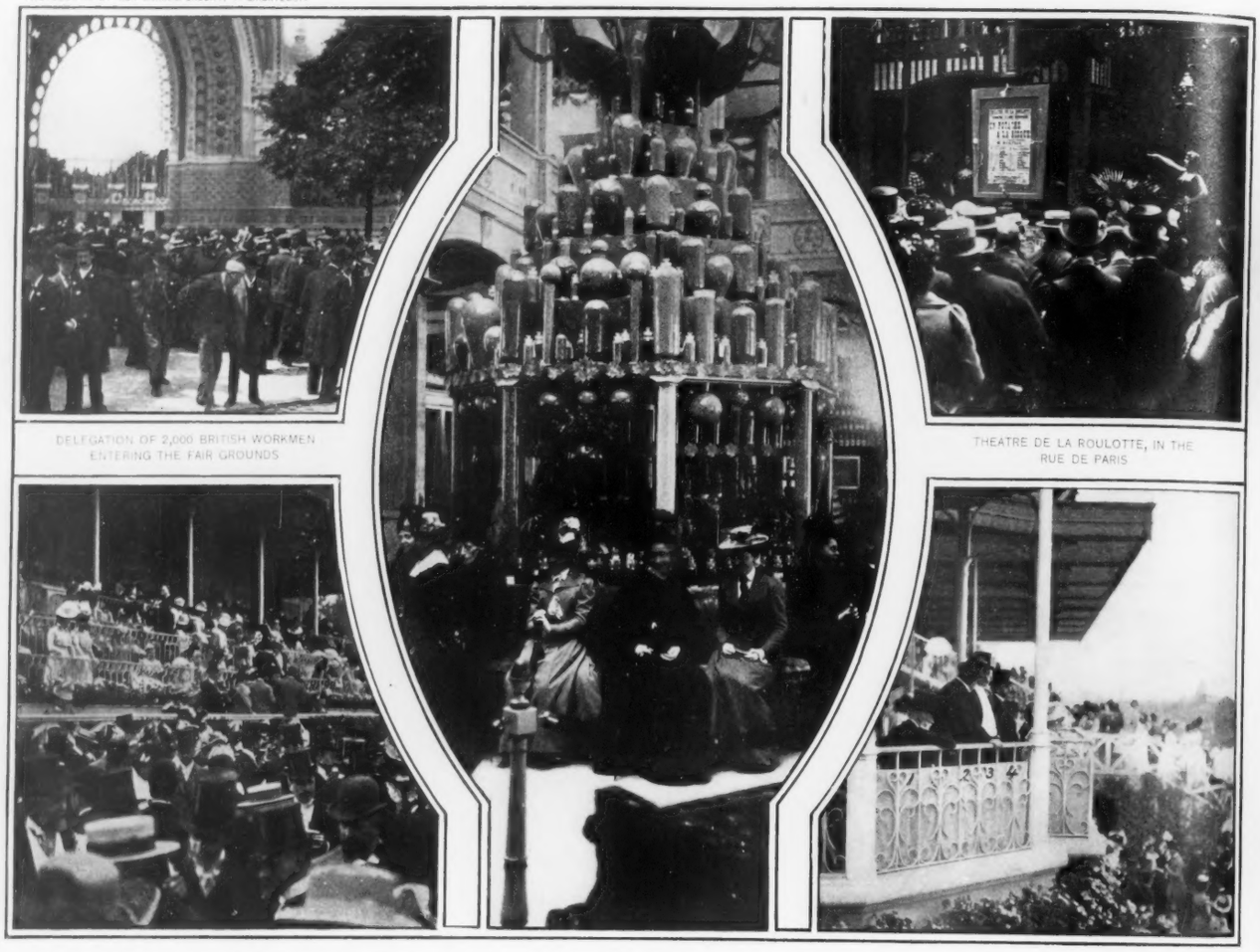

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SIGHTSEERS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION AND THE AUTEUIL RACECOURSE

PARIS LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE South African Republic has been the last foreign nation to throw open the doors of its national pavilion. This event occurred June 27, without a formality or ceremonial of any description. The consul-general, Mr. O. G. Pierson, had been advised by many Boer sympathizers to make the affair as public and imposing as possible, in order that the Parisians might be furnished a fresh opportunity to openly proclaim their sympathies for the struggling republics, but he wisely adopted the opposite course. An anti-British manifestation at the Exposition would certainly have suited many hot-heads here, but it would scarcely have advanced the interests of the shareholders in its various enterprises, who need the money of the British tourist just as much as of the rest. Nations are not expected to act consistently. But to have raised the cry of *perfide Albion* when two thousand British workmen were applying their horny hands to the completion of the Paris Exposition, and that in the Rue de Paris alone—this would have stretched even national inconsistency very far. Nor were there Britishers only to be offended. Representatives from all England's colonies may be seen in the grounds and buildings, and these would resent a demonstration against the mother country as much as Englishmen. Conspicuous for loyalty to Mother Britannia at all times is young Miss Canada, whence a large contingent has come to see the great exhibition. As for their own country's part in it, the Canadian visitors have every reason to be well satisfied, since the Dominion takes a very creditable place among so many ancient and wealthy nations.

For a republic of barely two hundred thousand souls the Transvaal also has made an extraordinary showing at the Exposition. Its national pavilion equals in general dimensions and intrinsic interest that of many a second-class power, in addition to which it has several annexes, including a typical Boer farm and a whole section devoted to mining industries. This last department, although surmounted by the arms of the Republic, is only nominally a Boer exhibit, its actual promoters being the members of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, that is, Britishers and Jews. The pavilion, in addition to an interesting ethnographical and biological display, contains some souvenirs of the war of independence, notably a rough cannon manufactured in a rural smithy from old barrel hoops. This weapon did effective service at the siege of Potchefstroom, which surrendered to Cronje in April, 1881. Then there are numerous handsome trophies made from skins of wild animals, and the arms in use by the native tribes of the Transvaal and of Swaziland. However, by far the most interesting feature of the South African section, to my mind, is the interior of the Boer farm, an exact reproduction of the real thing. All the furniture and utensils have been imported specially from a Transvaal homestead—the old blunderbusses, the rickety organ, the ancient Dutch Bible, the leather bedding—everything. There only lacks the real live Boer family to make the picture complete.

The "Rue de Paris" has completely supplanted in popular favor the Algerian and Oriental shows of the Trocadero. The Oriental dances, which are the chief attraction of these places, have lost their popularity in Paris. It was all very well in 1889, when the Algerian Jewesses of the Trocadero had the monopoly of the thing, and when the novelty was the charm. But the Rue de Paris offers other attractions, more intellectual, perhaps, though not necessarily less demoralizing. We find here all the *Chansonniers rosses* of the sacred Butte, also all the *chansonnieres;* we find "plastic poses" and various other forms of thinly veiled indecency; we find, in short, wellnigh all the features that have justified captious critics in calling Paris the modern Babylon. Nevertheless, if vice there be, it is gilded vice, artistically gilded at that. The Grand Guignol, the Maison du Rire, Les Anteurs Gais, and the Théâtre de la Roulotte are best worth a visit for the sake of their curious architectural effects and their artistic panellings and wall decorations. Besides these there are establishments that a man need not fear to take his sister to, or some one else's sister. Among these are Loie Fuller's pavilion, Les Bonshommes Guillaume, Le Manoir à l'Envers. With the Rue des Nations on the opposite bank, this is the part of the Exposition most frequented at night-time. The Trocadero is decidedly in the shade!

Horse-racing is evidently as fashionable and as popular as ever in France. This year's meeting at Auteuil—the French Ascot—proved the fact that the devotees of "le sport" and "le betting" are increasing in number and assiduity. Columns and cohorts of them came from the capital on the opening day, by rail, in carriages, on four-in-hand coaches, in automobiles, and in all other known species of vehicle. The President of the Republic was there, as usual, and, as usual, received and returned effusive salutations. Members of the Cabinet were present, and of social notabilities no end. Obese baronial bankers, blue-veined, long-lashed vicomtesses, gold-laced lieutenants, pert actresses, some with betting-book in hand and some without—all avowed their exclusive interest in the winner, and in champagne and "le flirt" between whiles. And of course the omnipervasive American girl was there, too, in all her finest frills and flounces. She didn't frown at "messieurs les militaires"—not she!

The American locomotive industry received an indirect compliment in the Chamber of Deputies a day or two ago, in the form of a complaint by one of the members that a number of these machines had been purchased by the French Government for use on the State railways. Worse still, one of these locomotives was actually on exhibition in the French official section at Vincennes! The ensuing debate, in which the Minister of Public Works, Pierre Baudin, took part, turned on the question of the comparative excellence of the imported article and of the propriety of including it in a purely French exhibit. One speaker, an engineer, declared that such locomotives as those produced in America could not be constructed in France, another that the purchase and exhibition of American locomotives tended to throw discredit on the home industry. M. Baudin meanwhile protested against the attempt to create a feeling of "industrial nationalism" as a pendant to political nationalism. No practical result, however, was attained by the discussion, excepting that of advertising the American-made locomotive as a superior article, which it undoubtedly is, judging from the consensus of opinion among European experts.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

OUR NEW TERRITORY, HAWAII

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, JUNE 14, 1900

HAWAII became, to-day, a Territory of the United States. While for nearly two years the Islands have been under the protection of the American flag, and have been known as American territory, they have been still governed by the laws of the Republic of Hawaii, and those laws have been administered by the officers of the Republic, so that to all intents and purposes Hawaii was a foreign State, despite the fact that the American flag floated from the Executive building.

But to-day all this was changed. At midnight last night the Republic of Hawaii ceased to exist and American law went into effect over the whole group. Its immediate effect upon the islands is to admit free of duty all imports from the United States, and to permit the free export of all island products to the States. While this advantages the exporters of sugar and many merchants who depend for their wares upon imports from the States, it has also resulted in a decided increase in duties on goods brought from European and Asiatic ports and a consequent increase in price to the consumer.

The inauguration of Sanford B. Dole as the first Governor of the new Territory of Hawaii was attended by ceremonies of unusual interest. Crowds numbering many thousands, and including about an equal proportion of the native and foreign elements of the city, thronged the beautiful grounds of the Executive building, formerly the home of Queen Liliuokalani. From the steps of the Executive building Governor Dole delivered his inaugural address, and afterward he reviewed the First Regiment, National Guard of Hawaii, and the United States troops which are stationed at Camp McKinley. Later there was a reception in the old throne-room of the kings of Hawaii, during which Governor Dole shook hands with several thousand of the citizens of the new Territory. In the evening there was a ball in a lanai, or open-air ballroom, which had been erected at one end of the Executive building. The affair was the most notable one of its kind that has ever been held in the Islands.

Governor Dole has announced as the heads of the governmental departments of the Territory the following: H. E. Cooper, Secretary of the Territory; Edmund P. Dole, Attorney-General; J. A. McCandless, Superintendent of Public Works; J. F. Brown, Commissioner of Public Lands; A. T. Atkinson, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The appointments give general satisfaction throughout the Islands.

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The **Kozy** has always been listed at $10.00. We are therefore now offering the public a share of our success, and at the new price we believe we can sell thousands this season and gain for it still greater popularity.

The **Kozy** takes pictures 3¼ x 3¼ on daylight loading film. It can be folded up and carried in the pocket or on the bicycle, and is always ready for a time or snap shot. If you are not already familiar with the **KOZY CAMERA** send for our *free* illustrated catalogue, fully describing its many virtues.

Remember that our price for 90 days only is **$6.00,** loaded for six exposures. If your dealer does not carry the **Kozy** write direct to us.

"Better than a $30.00 Camera."

From Chas. L. Brace, Washington, D. C.

"I have bought and paid for no less than seven Cameras during the past two years, but the New Pocket Kozy beats them all. It does far better work than a Camera I bought last August for $30.00, and is certainly away ahead of all the other small Cameras. Fifty dollars wouldn't buy my Kozy, if I didn't know where to duplicate it."

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We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

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We receive annually many thousands of letters like the following:

HAZEN, PA., Sept. 16, 1899.

I had suffered three years from falling womb, backache, headache, bearing down pains, pain around the heart, constipation, irregular menstruation, constant leucorrhœa, sleeplessness and extreme nervousness. I am now completely cured, and the Brace did it. The womb has resumed its proper position and stays there. I gained thirteen pounds in six weeks. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began to wear the Brace. MRS. J. M. RAUGHT.

Write for our **free trial offer,** prices and illustrated book, **all mailed free,** in plain, sealed envelope. Address

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$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n 24, Cincinnati, O.

HARVARD'S GIFT TO CUBA

(SEE PAGE 9)

WHEN Major-General John R. Brooke took charge of Cuba as its Governor-General, he found that educational matters were sorely in need of attention, and he appointed Mr. Gonzalez Lanuza to fill the chair of "Secretary of Justice and Public Instruction," these two branches of Government having always been combined.

Unfortunately, the selection of Lanuza was not a wise one; he was thoroughly familiar with Latin law, but knew absolutely nothing of the educational question. Besides which Lanuza was primarily a politician, secondly a shrewd politician, thirdly an unscrupulous politician.

SCHOOL MISMANAGEMENT

For the first few months of his administration he was kept busy appointing his relatives to positions in all of the courts throughout the island. After eight months had been spent in this way the growing clamor from public and press caused General Brooke to insist that Mr. Lanuza formulate a plan for organizing the general system of public schools. After delaying as long as possible, Mr. Lanuza submitted a proposition which illustrated his total ignorance of the subject most conclusively. The utter absurdity and inadequacy of his ideas caused him to be ridiculed from one end of the island to the other.

WOOD WORKS REFORMS

When Leonard Wood succeeded General Brooke he appointed new Secretaries, and separated the branch of Justice from that of Public Instruction. In charge of the latter he placed Mr. Enrique Jose Varona, a man who is noted as an educator and litterateur.

Reorganization was immediately begun; school furniture was bought and schools were opened as rapidly as possible. Mr. Varona was enabled to do this only through the assistance of Mr. Alexis E. Frye of Boston, Mass., and Harvard University. To General Brooke is due the credit of having Mr. Frye here.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered was the incompetency of many of the teachers. Earnest men and women of intelligence and ability, really desirous of doing what they could toward raising Cuba's educational standard, were to be found everywhere. However, their knowledge of modern methods of education was very limited. Fortunately, they were eager to learn.

Mr. Frye realized that such was the case, and his gratification was unbounded when he found that he had at his disposal the means for broadening the ideas of the Cuban teachers.

FREE TUITION AND BOARD AT HARVARD

Harvard holds annually a summer course of lectures on principles and methods of teaching. The price for the course, which lasts six weeks, is twenty dollars, and attending teachers pay their own expenses.

Wishing to take an active part in the great work of assisting Cubans to prepare themselves for maintaining their independence, Harvard came forward with an offer which will go down in history as one of the grandest ever made by a private institution. She agreed to receive fifteen hundred Cuban school-teachers, to allow them to attend the summer course free of all charge, and to pay all of their expenses during the six weeks of their stay; to cover the last item she raised seventy thousand dollars.

In consideration of the munificence of the gift, the War Department agreed to furnish transportation. Mr. Frye was placed in charge of making all local arrangements, and well did he accomplish his work. The selection of teachers was carefully made. From among over eighteen hundred applications received Mr. Frye selected fourteen hundred and fifty whom he thought would derive the greatest benefit from what they are to see and hear.

THE GOVERNMENT SENDS SHIPS

The Quartermaster's Department was called upon to provide transports. The *Sedgwick, Burnside, Crook, Buford* and *McClellan* were specially fitted up. Instead of cots, which had been in use when carrying soldiers, the troop-decks were fitted up with lines of roomy, comfortable beds four feet wide. The two lower tiers only were to be used to sleep in, the upper ones serving as a receptacle for hand baggage, et cetera.

On June 25 the embarkation began; men and women were sent in separate transports. They were truly a representative lot of people, calculated to do their country incalculable good. Their creditable appearance in the States will be a revelation to Americans.

Cubans universally are deeply grateful for the opportunity given them to see a country of which they have heard so much but knew so little. The majority of those composing this party have never been off of the island before, and the pleasures of the trip, together with the information obtained, will mark an epoch from which their future lives will date.

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FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ALCOHOL, it is claimed by statisticians, is the chief curse of civilization. More men fail in body, brain, and business through its agency than from any other cause. Ventures sent to sea with alcohol in command cannot mind the winds, fail to take correct astronomical observations, and arrive anywhere but in the right port. Alcohol ruins a man's health; ruins his home; endangers his happiness; jeopardizes his business interests, and brings him into ridicule.

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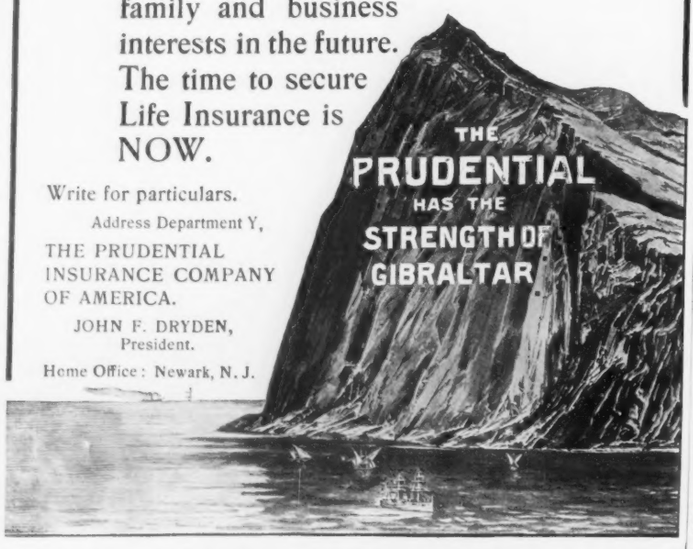

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SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

Edited by Walter Camp

GOLF AND POLO CHAMPIONSHIPS

GARDEN CITY GOLF

WALTER J. TRAVIS was the hero of the hour in the qualifying round of the amateur Golf Championship at Garden City. But his triumphant record did not last long, for on the first day of match play, H. M. Harriman, the winner of the Championship last year, and the man who had been more or less commented upon as a lucky winner of that event, went out in the afternoon in 36, a new record. During the next day he in turn yielded in point of record making to our former champion, Findlay Douglas, who went the round in 77, three strokes better than the mark made by Travis the day before. Harriman's play in that afternoon was one of the best seen on the course. Tuesday's wind, rather high from the south, was a relief to the players in modifying the heat, and making it more comfortable for the gallery as well, although it bothered the players at times a bit. The gallery, sad to say, was a small one, but the play repaid them for coming. The match which they followed with the greatest interest was the Travis-Watson, of which the former was too strong for his rival, especially in the morning play, stopping that round at 5 up. In the afternoon Watson held up better, but Travis seemed especially good in what has been formerly rather a weakness; namely, his putting. Travis finally won by 2 up and 1 to go. Harriman put out Livingston, who gave him a hard rub in the Westbrook tournament last summer and who started off bravely with him this time. But when a man goes three strokes under bogey he is pretty sure to win, and that is what Harriman did in his first round of the afternoon. The result was finally 3 up and 2 to play, in Harriman's favor.

Douglas put out Reginald Brooks in return for the defeat which the latter administered to the former in the Metropolitan semi-finals on this same course in 1899.

Norris made a good fight against Lockwood in the morning, but the easy play of the English amateur proved too much for him.

Hollins, Jr., and John Reid, Jr., disposed of Richardson and Seeley respectively, while Robertson and Byers put out Hubbard and Kennaday, Hitchcock taking care of Pyne.

But the next day hit the college golfers pretty hard in the way they were drawn, Byers, the Yale man, being up against Findlay Douglas, who was in his very best form, while John Reid and Robertson, two other Yale men, were drawn against each other. This Championship seems to have offered especial opportunities for the evening up of old scores, the match between Hollins, Jr., and Quincy Shaw being a good return game for that one at Newport last summer, in which the latter won after 37 holes. On Wednesday, however, Hollins, the interscholastic champion, after an exciting match, had the score even at the 17th hole in the afternoon, and won the 18th in 4 to 5, thus taking the match. Douglas played such fast golf that Byers was wholly unable to hold him, and was defeated by 10 up and 9 to play. Travis easily disposed of Beckwith and Harriman of Averell. Lockwood had an unusually hard time in shaking off Brooks, a former Princeton man, neither of them being able to play their games for some unknown reason. Hitchcock slaughtered Tyng, 12 up and 11 to play. The match between John Reid, Jr., and Robertson was particularly interesting, in that one was the former captain of the Yale Golf Club and the other the present captain. The old hand was too good though, winning by 3 up and 2 to play. Stewart beat out McCawley, 6 up and 4 to play.

The semi-finals gave an opportunity for Douglas to even up matters with Harriman for the latter's victory over him last year, and he took ample revenge, defeating the Meadowbrook man 4 up and 3 to play. For all this the match was an exciting one, far more than the other one of the semi-final round between Travis and Lockwood. Douglas was manifestly on to his game again, and although Harriman still had rather the better of it in the putting, Douglas's approaching was the stronger and his driving more in the line of the course. Harriman ran down a beautiful put on the 5th for the whole length of the green, but Douglas made two phenomenal holes in the 10th and 11th, getting on to the green in each case in 2. At the 12th tee a considerable wait to allow Lockwood and Travis to hole out seemed to trouble Douglas, for he topped his ball, and for a time did not play up to his game.

Travis's game with Lockwood was an unequal contest. The Garden City player was altogether too much for the Alston Club man, especially as the latter seemed to be badly off on his drives, Travis defeating him finally 11 up and 10 to play.

The finals between Travis and Douglas thus brought together once more a foreign-taught player and one of our home products. Travis, it will be remembered, had twice reached the semi-finals in the amateur Championship, being put out by this same opponent, Douglas, in 1898 by a considerable score and last year by the same man, 2 up and 1 to play.

On Thursday, when the numbers had been reduced to eight, interest had grown especially keen. In fact, I do not know that the last eight men were ever more determined in their intention to win than these eight men, who were paired as follows: Lockwood–Reid, Hollins–Harriman, Hitchcock–Travis, Douglas–Stewart.

Lockwood is an Englishman, and his game has already been commented upon in these columns. He is a strong man, but Reid went out after him in a fashion which showed that there would be a fight before they finished. Lockwood did the first round in 36 and Reid in 39, which shows the kind of golf both were playing. Reid came home in 43 and Lockwood in 45, and at the end of the morning Lockwood was 1 up. At the end of the second 18 holes they were also square, although in strokes Lockwood was 89 and Reid 87 in the afternoon. They started out to decide the tie, halved the 1st hole, halved the 2d hole, halved the 3d hole, but in the 4th Reid pulled a cleek shot into the trees and then overran his approach, Lockwood winning the deciding hole and match. Hollins, in his match with Harriman, was excellent on the putting greens, but not so good for the tees, the older man beating him easily 5 up and 3 to play. Travis, in his match with Hitchcock, once more broke the figures for the outward 9, doing it in 35. Hitchcock played a good game, but could not hold him, Travis winning by 6 up and 5 to play. Douglas had an easy time with Stewart the collegian, who, however, made one or two sensational shots. The Fairfield County man won by 9 up and 8 to play.

Douglas once more yielded to his *bête noir* bad putting, and although he repeatedly had the better of it through the fair greens, no sooner did he reach the putting green than all his skill forsook him and he seemed utterly unable to hole out. Travis played a first-class game, and extricated himself nobly from seemingly impossible difficulties. He was 3 up on the morning round, and as Douglas was putting 20 badly, many of the friends of the Fairfield golfer expected that he would pull out in the afternoon. But his game then was no better, and he finally lost to the home-bred by 2 up. The match was exciting throughout, but hardly more so to the spectators than the storm which wrecked the shelter-tent in the afternoon. The match gave Travis his long-deferred revenge upon Douglas for twice putting him out in the Championship contests.

PROSPECT PARK POLO

The polo at Prospect Park, interesting throughout the Championship games, ended up in a particularly exciting match between Dedham and the Country Club of Westchester. The crowd, which seemed this year to be keener for excitement and general hard play than any particular polo interest, had just what they clamored for in this final match; namely, excitement and abandon. Dedham started in rather easily, and failed to get into the swing of it until the Country Club, aided by the excellent playing of the Waterbury brothers, L. and J. M., had run up a commanding lead. In the first period Forbes of Dedham scored one goal, while J. M. Waterbury scored three and Larry one. In the second period, after nearly fourteen minutes of play, J. M. Waterbury scored a goal, but a minute after Goodwin of Dedham drove the ball between the posts. In the third period each scored a goal, Forbes getting it for Dedham and Reynal for the Country Club. In the fourth period J. M. Waterbury once more opened up, putting the ball through the Dedham goal in less than a half minute. But from that moment Dedham, with a tremendous dash, and thanks to their good ponies, piled up three goals in straight succession, tying the match. With three and a half minutes left to play, both teams went at it in a way to make the crowd yell with enthusiasm; but neither scored. Then, the referee ordering them to play until a score was made, Dedham seemed to take on new life, and Goodwin, with a quick, hard smash, drove the ball straight through the midst of the ponies for the final score and victory.

On the whole, the Championship of the Polo Association was earned, and at least 15,000 people saw the final match. Naturally, the audience has not yet reached a distinctly polo flavor, but they like to see good riding and smashing work, and that is what was given them.

POLO AT HURLINGHAM

Although Foxhall Keene's team of the two McCreary and Frank Mackay played fast polo at Hurlingham, they were no match for the Englishmen, who finally defeated them, 8 to 2. The English team contained Watson, who played upon the original team that captured the American cup at Newport; Hon. J. Beresford, Fleet and Buckmaster.

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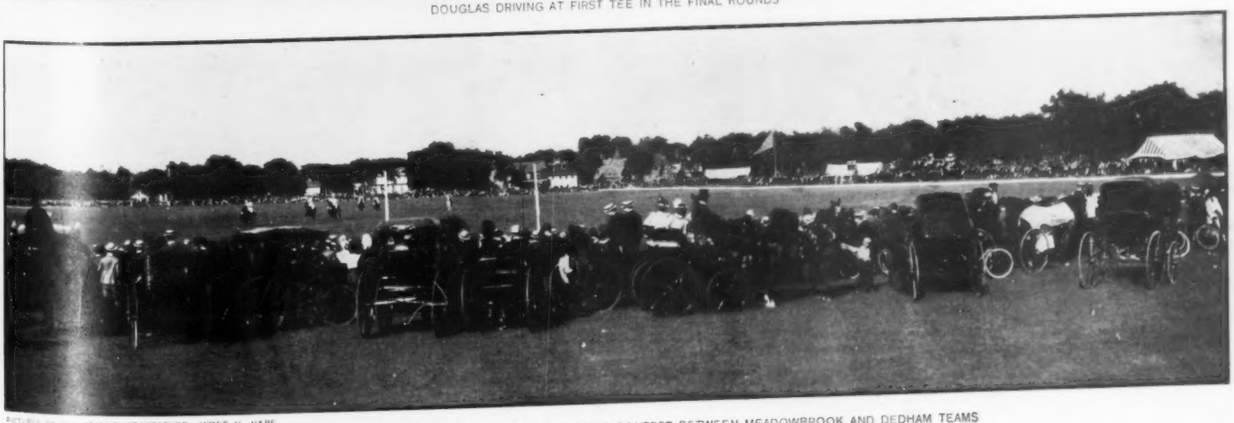
W. J. TRAVIS

ALLEN KENNADAY

DOUGLAS DRIVING AT FIRST TEE IN THE FINAL ROUNDS



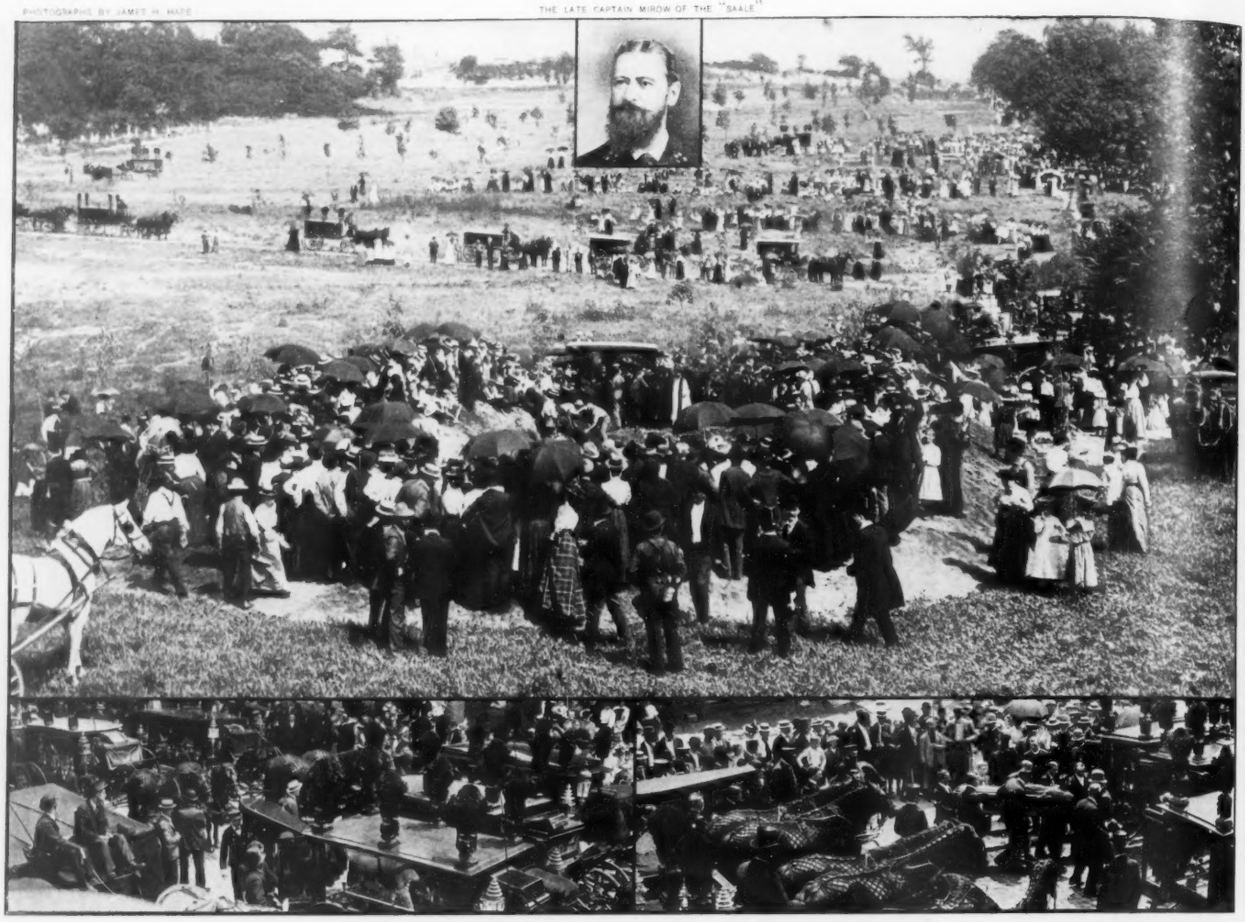
PICTURES BY THE STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

POLO CHAMPIONSHIP AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN—THE CONTEST BETWEEN MEADOWBROOK AND DEDHAM TEAMS

GOLF AND POLO CHAMPIONSHIPS

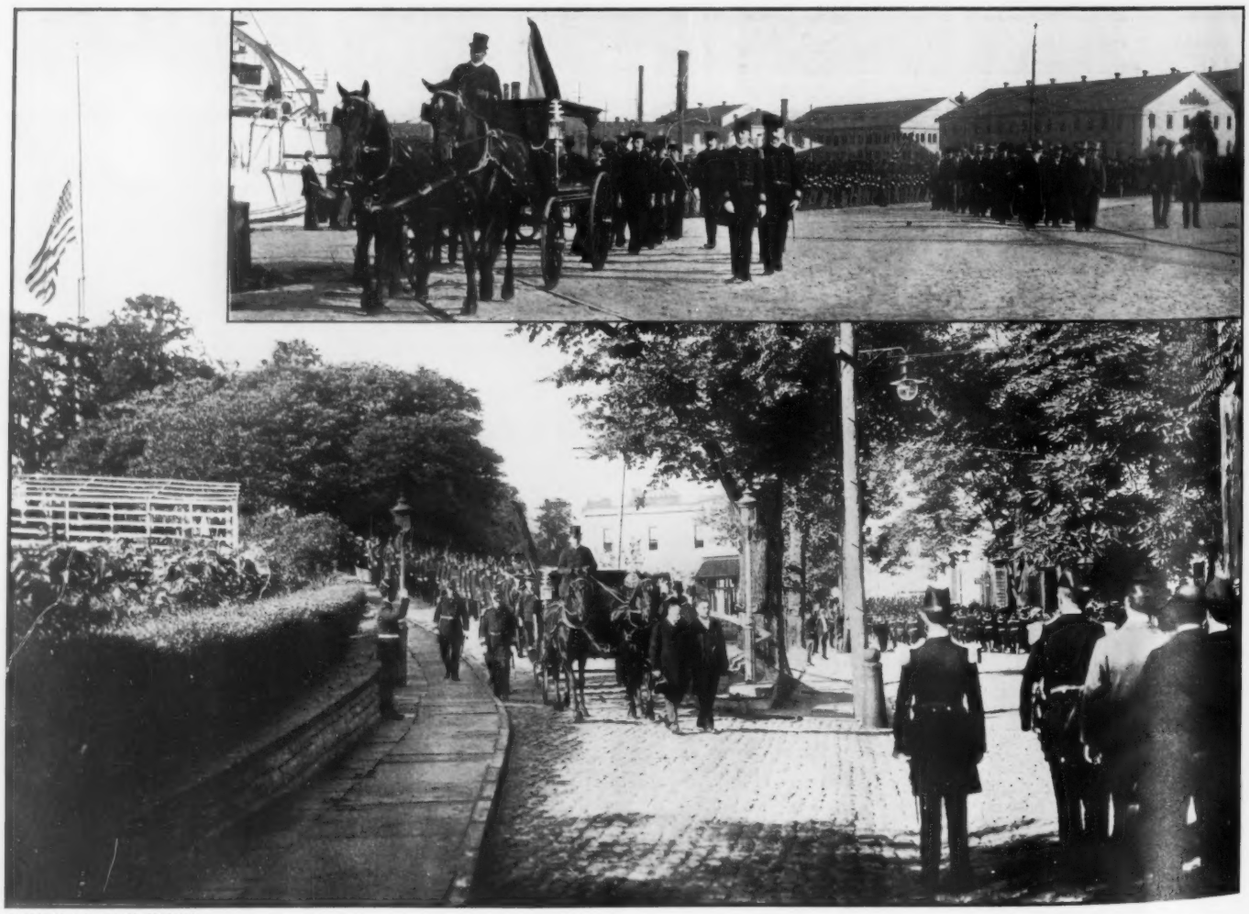
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HAZE

THE LATE CAPTAIN MIROW OF THE "SAALE"



A SAD AND IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY—The burial of eighty victims of the North German Lloyd fire, at Hoboken, N. J., July 5

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLLIER, BROOKLYN

LAST HONORS TO A BRAVE SAILOR—The funeral cortège conveying the body of Rear-Admiral John W. Philip through the Brooklyn Navy Yard, July 2

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

LAST HONORS TO BRAVE SAILORS

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

TWO FUNERALS, each representing the visible end of a great tragedy, have made the past week memorable. On Monday, July 2, the body of Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, who has already an assured immortality of fame as the fighting Christian sailor of Santiago, was buried with military honors and amid the sorrow of a nation.

BURIAL OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD VICTIMS

On Thursday, July 5, there were interred in the cemeteries of Hoboken the charred or water-swollen bodies of more than a hundred persons who had perished in fire or flood in the overwhelming disaster that befell the North German Lloyd Steamship Company five days before.

It was almost inconceivable that one hundred and two bodies had been taken from the peaceful river and from among the débris of the ships and piers. And yet there they were, piled high on the great vans, each in a rude coffin, going to a common grave—more than five score men who had given up their lives in a forlorn hope, like soldiers trapped in an ambuscade.

EIGHTY IN ONE GRAVE!

One funeral service was held in Hoffman's morgue over eighty of the victims. They were treated, perhaps, as respectfully as was possible, and each body was placed in a separate, if rude, coffin. Wherever the body had been identified, the coffin bore the name of the victim; but identification had been impossible in a great many cases.

A procession was formed without prearrangement, the people falling into line behind the hearses or on the sidewalks. There were, it has been estimated, twenty thousand persons in the irregular procession.

At Flower Hill Cemetery the bodies were buried in one long grave, or excavation, such as they dig for dead soldiers.

LAST HONORS TO ADMIRAL PHILIP

The funeral services of Rear-Admiral Philip were as simple as he would probably have had them, could his wishes have been known. They were at least typical of the austere and lofty life he led. His comrades in arms, men who fought side by side with him at Santiago, bore his coffin, and his commander, Admiral Sampson, and General Brooke, the highest representative of the army in this portion of the country, walked beside it. His body was buried, as it had lain in state, in full uniform. The naval Jack was wrapped about the casket, and some of his gallant sailors carried his pennant. As the coffin was taken out of the Navy Yard to the waiting boat in the river a salute of thirteen guns was fired, as if in honor of another victory. Services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Robert McDonald, of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, in the commandant's house in the Navy Yard, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday.

Beside the hearse that contained the body of the Rear-Admiral walked the honorary pallbearers—Rear-Admiral Sampson, General John R. Brooke, Medical Director George W. Woods, Pay Director Edward Putnam, Captain Frank Wildes, Captain C. M. Chester of the battleship *Kentucky*, Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, and Captain H. C. Taylor.

Of the Admiral's family there were present Mrs. Philip, and her two sons, Barrett and Woodward Philip.

The coffin and funeral party were taken by a tug over to Jersey City. As it passed Governor's Island another salute of thirteen guns was fired. A special car had been arranged for, and the party went on to Annapolis, Md. The final services were held Tuesday afternoon in the cemetery of the Naval Academy, where the Rear-Admiral's body was buried.

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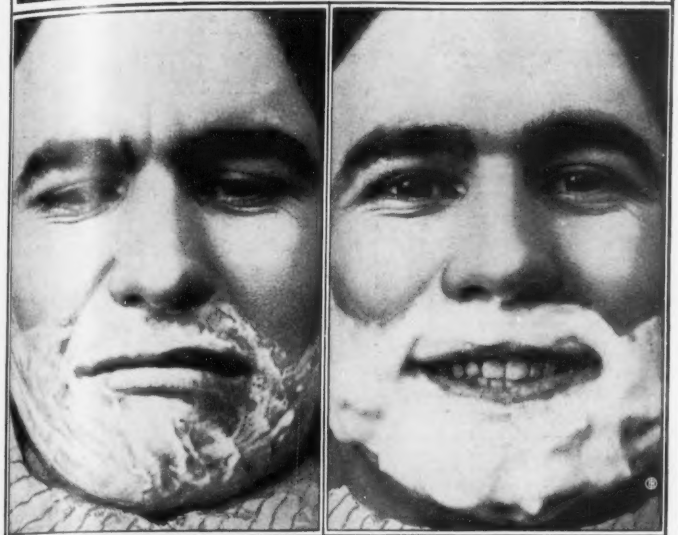

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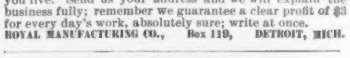

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